JULY 30, 1938

Liberty 5¢

PARADISE KATE

The Story of a White Woman in the Yellow Inferno

by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot

☆

MORE LINDBERGH CASE REVELATIONS

by Evalyn Walsh McLean

☆

THIRD-TERMITES

A White House Disclosure

by Rupert Hughes

☆

CRIME CONTROL

A Part for Every Man and Woman

by J. Edgar Hoover

Star Diver

MARSHALL WAYNE, OLYMPIC CHAMPION, GIVES A BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE

SWAN DIVE—The easy grace of Marshall Wayne's descent depends on intense muscular coordination and cast-iron nerve control.

HALF-TWIST—Split-second timing—perfect form! Wayne can't risk jitters. Discussing smoking, he says: "Camels are easy on my nerves."

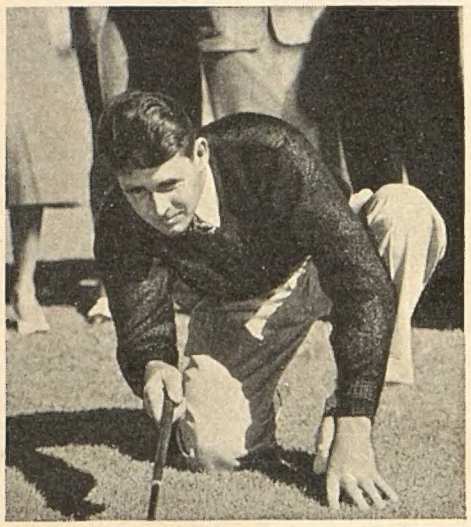
JACK-KNIFE—Bronze-sheathed muscles tense in the blue—a thrilling pause aloft—an arrowlike flash into the pool, leaving scarcely a ripple.

INTERMISSION—and a Camel! "Always after a strenuous exhibition," says champion Wayne, "I smoke a Camel for a very welcome 'lift'!"

—And now, Marshall Wayne pauses for a moment to answer Elnora Greenlaw's question: "Are Camel cigarettes really *different* from the others?"

"I certainly do find Camels different, 'Nora—and from so *many* angles. Camels are so mild—so easy on the throat. Yet they've got plenty of good rich taste. And I can smoke as many Camels as I want. They never tire my taste or get me jumpy. Camels don't bother my nerves the least bit. Besides, Camels are swell during and after meals. They sure help my digestion. Camels agree with me in a *lot* of ways!"

"MOST DIVERS I KNOW smoke Camels," says Marshall Wayne, iron man of the American Olympic Diving Squad. "Most expert shots prefer Camels," says Ransford Triggs, famous marksman. Fliers, auto racers, explorers, engineers—people in every sport and occupation of daily life look to Camels for the real pleasure in smoking. "Camels set you right!"



"THE BIG THING in smoking," says golfer Henry Picard, tournament ace, "is how a cigarette *agrees* with you from all angles. Camels suit me to a 'T'. Camels are mild—easy on my nerves—they set me right. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' any time!"

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

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Winston-Salem, North Carolina

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER:

"CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

Tobacco growers have good reason to make Camels *their* cigarette

Read what these planters say about Camel's finer, more expensive tobaccos

"At the tobacco auctions," says grower Leon Mullen, "Camel buyers don't bother with poor lots. They buy the choice tobacco. That's why most of us men who grow and *know* tobacco smoke Camels. We *know* the difference!"

Alton Barnes, planter, says about Camels: "Year after year the best lots of my tobacco have gone to Camels. Naturally, we tobacco growers select the best for our own smoking. So we choose Camels!"

JULY 30, 1938

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
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ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

ARTIFICIALLY HIGH WAGES-PRICES-BRING DISASTER

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The average individual cannot get away from the dollar value. In his mind it seems to represent an undeviating standard. He rarely thinks of the buying power of the dollar, and yet the value of wages depends entirely on their buying power.

A wage of $20 or $25 at the lowest period of the last depression would in many communities buy more than $35 or $40 would buy at the present time.

Furthermore, we should not forget that our dollar is now worth but 59 cents in comparison with the previous dollar, when we were paying $20.67 an ounce for gold. When the price of gold was raised by the government to $35 an ounce, we automatically reduced our dollar value. Although this change in the value was felt immediately in all foreign markets, naturally it took some time to note the reduction in this country.

Financial problems are a mystery to the average citizen. The contents of the pay envelope limits the reasoning processes of some people, but suppose we present an example of lowering prices and wages that everybody can understand.

Suppose, for example, that every product, wages included, in the automobile business were to be immediately reduced 25 per cent. What would be the result of such a sensational lowering of prices?

Every dealer throughout the country would be swamped with orders. Every automobile company, every accessory manufacturer would face the same situation, and in from three to six months every worker who had been employed in any part of the manufacturing processes associated with the production of automobiles would find employment.

To be sure, those who have jobs would be the main sufferers for the time being. Their pay envelopes would be penalized 25 per cent, but there would be no change in their buying power in merchandise associated with the automobile business, as 75 per cent would then equal the previous buying power of the dollar, although we will have to admit they would still have to pay the 100-per-cent price for bread, clothing, and other merchandise.

But suppose we carry the experiment further . . . that all kinds of merchandise, wages included, were reduced 25 per cent.

When that reduction took place, the wages of the workers would have the same buying power on every kind of merchandise they had previous to the 25-per-cent reduction. Every 75 cents would purchase merchandise previously sold for a dollar.

Our scandalous unemployment record at this time is due entirely to this governmental interference with prices and wages.

When wages go down, prices of everything go down proportionately. The buying power of the dollar takes an upward swing. The governmental records show that wages represent 84 per cent of the value of practically everything produced. Therefore when they raise wages, they are simply boosting prices of everything we buy, and there is usually but little change in the worker's buying power. We are not able to buy any more with the increased wages than we were at the lower wages, due to the increase in prices.

High prices scare away buyers, reduce demand, add to the unemployment list. . . . This cannot be repeated too often!

And high prices and high wages bring us cheap money. The higher the prices and the higher the wages, the cheaper the money, and it is this continual increase in prices and wages that may bring us inflation, which sometimes ends in national bankruptcy. . . . Then our currency would be valueless. A million dollars would not even buy a cup of coffee.

If any one doubts the truth of the result of lowering prices in the automobile business, ask any dealer. A 25-per-cent reduction would start a sensational demand, notwithstanding the governmental difficulties which we are facing at this time.

Let us hope we can find some means of convincing our legislators who are fighting these old-time American principles . . . that if they will work *with* business instead of against it, an unprecedented boom in business would soon be with us.

Bernarr Macfadden

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BEGINNING

PARADISE KATE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

who wrote those other stirring Liberty serials,
Flower of the Gods and Alias Emerald Annie

READING TIME
30 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART ONE—"IT'S DEATH..OR SINGAPORE"

THERE is in every catastrophe one single stark moment that seems to stand out above all the others, topping even those which are, in sober truth, much more grave and terrible. And to me, on that afternoon in Shanghai, this single moment was destined to be the picture of a small Chinese girl squatting on the muddy ground, playing with a crude doll, serenely oblivious to the falsetto whistle of the Japanese shells that, precariously avoiding the International Settlement, sought a crimson target in the crowded Nantao district.

For quite a while I had been watching her—she was rather cunning in her chubby, flat-faced Mongol way—until all at once there was a tearing, screaming noise, nearer and more ominous than those that had gone before, and immediately afterward something came hurtling through the air with the savage speed of an express train. It struck a gaudily painted pagoda roof. A rain of jagged wood and stone splinters. And a second later I saw the small child, still squatting on the ground, her pudgy, grimy fists still clutching the doll; but—here was the ghastly fact—she was headless. Her little round head was rolling at my feet—and that, during the Japanese bombardment, was to me its final, tragic meaning: a baby at play, brutally slain. . . .

Afraid? Of course I was. Gray death had brushed my sleeve. Yet, stronger than fear was horror and bitter disgust—almost I vomited with disgust—and I hurried back to the Cathay Hotel. There I found my friend and collaborator—a New York weekly had sent us both to the Far East on a roving commission—and told him what had happened.

"Let's get away from here," I added.

"Sick of war?"

"Sick of murder."

So within the hour we were aboard a ship bound for the open sea and, beyond, Manila. Nor did we mind that the Lung Wha was a wheezy, smelly old tub, her skipper a drunken Portuguese half-breed from Macao, and her crew the rascally, fetid sweepings of the China coast gutters. For the Stars and Stripes on the masthead—flaunted, I had a notion, without the slightest right in maritime law—spelled safety to us and a measure of plain decency. Safety and decency also to the rest of the refugees, men and women of a dozen nations, who packed the rickety hulk from keel to hurricane deck.

A motley, picaresque lot they were. Merchants and tourists, missionaries, adventurers, and ladies of less than uncertain profession. All very democratic. No social or financial lines drawn. Excitedly and hysterically swapping siege experiences while we steamed down the Whangpoo and while, from the warships that stippled the river, came the arrogant challenge of Nippon's guns.

Curled plumes of thick inky smoke with hearts of sulphurous gold rising dramatically. Followed by an immense tattoo, like a giant beating a huge copper drum. An enormous sheet of dazzling whitish-blue light leaping to the zenith, then dropping to the tortured earth in a million yellow, racing, cruel flames. . . .

"The end of China," commented my friend.

"Or perhaps the beginning . . .?"

I turned as somebody bumped against me with a muttered apology. A young American—I had noticed him before, hobbling slowly with the help of a rubber-tipped stick — had slipped on the wet deck. I steadied him. But his cap fell off, showed a bandage about his forehead.

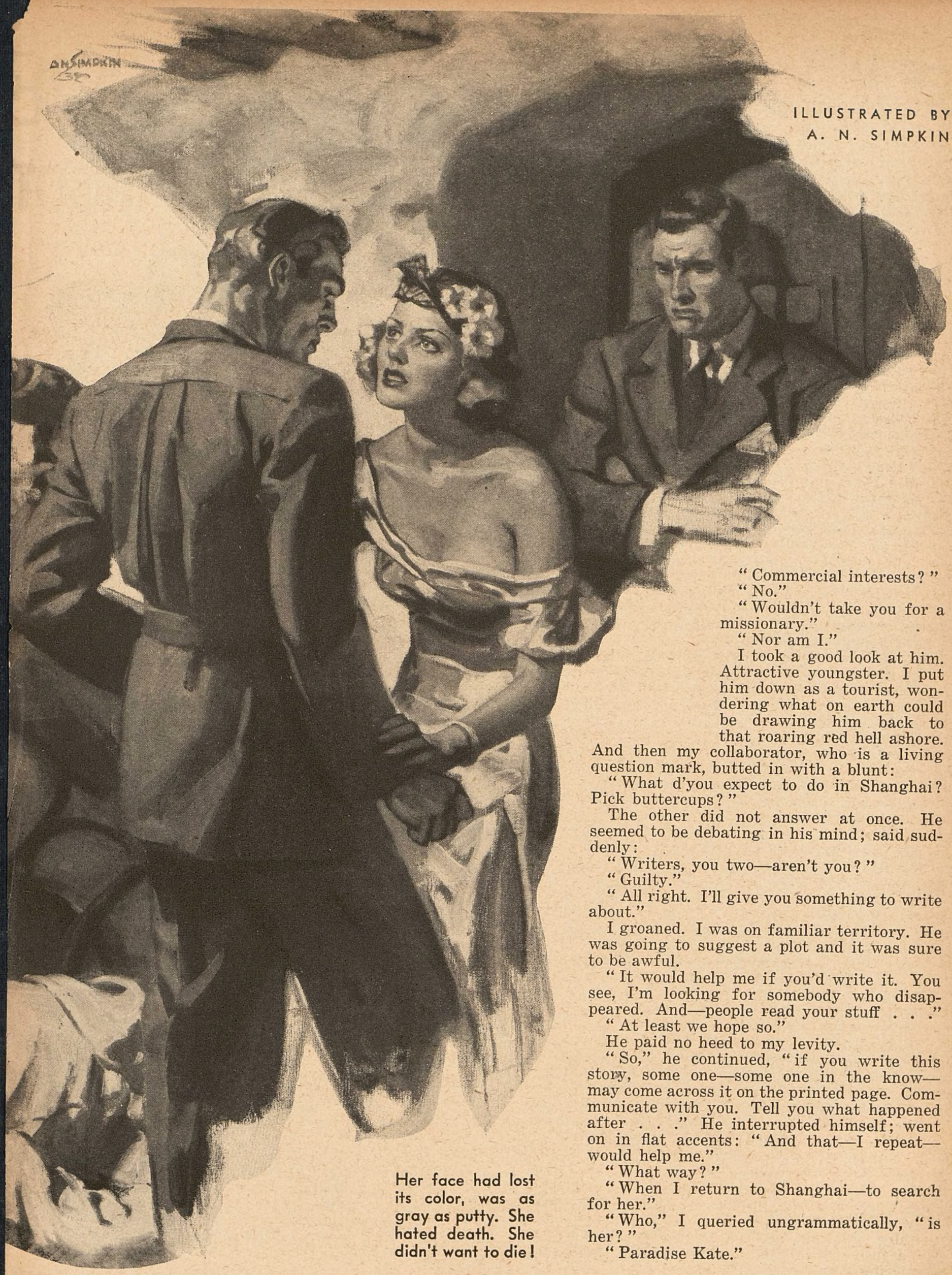
"Shanghai souvenir?" I asked.

An artillery salvo drowned his reply. Only his last words stood out, sort of tense and feverish:

". . . going back to Shanghai — soon as I'm well enough. . . ."

Thrills! . . The swift-moving, colorful story

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN



Her face had lost its color, was as gray as putty. She hated death. She didn't want to die!

"Commercial interests?"

"No."

"Wouldn't take you for a missionary."

"Nor am I."

I took a good look at him. Attractive youngster. I put him down as a tourist, wondering what on earth could be drawing him back to that roaring red hell ashore. And then my collaborator, who is a living question mark, butted in with a blunt:

"What d'you expect to do in Shanghai? Pick buttercups?"

The other did not answer at once. He seemed to be debating in his mind; said suddenly:

"Writers, you two—aren't you?"

"Guilty."

"All right. I'll give you something to write about."

I groaned. I was on familiar territory. He was going to suggest a plot and it was sure to be awful.

"It would help me if you'd write it. You see, I'm looking for somebody who disappeared. And—people read your stuff . . ."

"At least we hope so."

He paid no heed to my levity.

"So," he continued, "if you write this story, some one—some one in the know—may come across it on the printed page. Communicate with you. Tell you what happened after . . ." He interrupted himself; went on in flat accents: "And that—I repeat—would help me."

"What way?"

"When I return to Shanghai—to search for her."

"Who," I queried ungrammatically, "is her?"

"Paradise Kate."

an American girl strangely plunged into the yellow inferno that is China today

"You mean the old-timer who, until recently, ran that swell joint on Thibet Road?"

"Yes."

I had heard tales—who hasn't along the China coast?—about Paradise Kate. A raft of lurid, fantastic tales, none much to her credit. Still, she was a picturesque character. I became interested. My friend did likewise, judging from the fact—a sure sign with him—that he announced the drinks were on him.

So we went to the smoking room. We found a corner table. And there, far into the night, the young American told us the tale of Paradise Kate—the comedy of it, the drama, the bleak tragedy and, at times, its beauty and sacrifice breaking through the sordid background like a song through the dark places of earth.

Not—he explained—that he had any firsthand knowledge. He had had to depend for almost the whole on hearsay picked up here and there and everywhere. But the story dovetailed pretty well; and it began sixteen years ago, in 1922, when Paradise Kate was not yet Paradise Kate. In Los Angeles it began. In that glittering pinchbeck suburb of Los Angeles which is known as Hollywood. . . .

NOT—said the young man—that Hollywood in those days was what it is today.

Different names on the billboards. Names—and fame—of the silent era.

Valentino—the original sheik—causing female hearts to skip a beat; and Robert Taylor, still in short pants, studying the three R's in some one-horse prairie town. . . .

Valeska Suratt, and not Marlene Dietrich, ballyhooed as the proud owner of a brace of "million-dollar" legs. Pola Negri playing slinky-eyed, slinky-negligeed vamps.

Jack Gilbert showing off his handsome profile. Douglas Fairbanks—senior, not junior—showing off his athletic prowess; and Mary Pickford, his wife, showing off her maidenly curls. . . .

Too, lest we forget, Francis X. Bushman, the beau ideal of manhood—rather, of womanhood. Walking down Hollywood Boulevard as democratic as you please. And perhaps this same Francis X. Bushman—or Valentino or Fairbanks—entering the brand-new Ambassador Hotel to have his nails manicured by Kate.

Not yet Paradise Kate. But Mrs. Kate Slater. Bill Slater's wife. And, though just twenty-four, she had a son six years of age. For, back home in Indiana, when she was seventeen she had eloped with Bill. He in college. She a waitress. Both orphans.

But there had been an uncle of Bill who had come through with five hundred dollars. They had gone to California—so eager, so full of optimism—and, in a modest way, had made the grade. Bill being today a sports commentator on the Los Angeles Blade, and Kate—with a high-school girl, at five dollars a week, looking after Junior—here, in the barbershop of the Ambassador, buffing nails famous as well as infamous.

That's what Bill called Donald M'Leod—infamous—when one evening she spoke of the man.

"Swell guy," she said. "Swell dresser. And—manners! Gee, he could give Jack Gilbert aces and spades. . . ."

Bill looked up.

"Keep away from that bird," he said curtly.

"Jealous?" she laughed.

"No."

Indeed, she thought, why should he be? She was walking the straight-and-narrow; always would. Still, life was a bit of a bore. Not much excitement. . . .

She sighed. She was devoted to her husband, her son. And yet—when she considered the future . . .

Like a clock, the future. Monotonously ticktocking along. The years grinding away at life, at youth. Youth slowly, mercilessly sinking into age. All so stolid and inevitable. And she was young, pretty, vivacious. She wanted just a little stucco, a little tinsel, a few of the shimmering spangles.

Not so Bill. Bill—and he not yet twenty-six—was settling in a rut. Oh, if she could shake him out of it!

"They're opening that swanky new restaurant on Vine Street this Saturday," she said. "All the stars'll be there. What about you and me . . .?"

"My insurance premium falls due next month," he protested.

"Aw—Bill . . ."

"And the installment on our car. . . ."

"Don't you ever feel like having some fun?"

"When I can afford it."

"We *can* afford it," she smiled, "this once. My treat." She sent a twenty-dollar gold piece spinning across the table. "Got an elegant tip this morning."

"I'll tell the world," he said. "Who slipped it to you?"

"Well"—rather defiantly—"if you must know, it was M'Leod."

"Oh, he did, did he? For doing what?"

"Doing his nails. What else?"

"That's what I want to know. What else? Tried to date you up—the lousy . . ."

"He isn't lousy! He's . . ."

"I know all about him. Carlo Rossini—that's his real name. Got his fingers in half a dozen dirty rackets." A pause. Then Bill repeated: "Tried to date you up—eh . . .?"

"He didn't—for that matter," was her truthful rejoinder. "Well, what about the new restaurant next Saturday?"

"Not on *his* dough. It stinks."

"Aw, for crying out loud! You're as—as holier-than-thou as a backwoods preacher."

"That's what my grandfather was—a backwoods preacher."

"Don't let it grow on you!"

"Prefer dirty gangsters?"

"At times. . . ."

So they quarreled. Childish accusation and counter-accusation. Saying things—petty, silly things—they did not mean. Finally she went to the bedroom, slamming the door. He slept on the parlor couch.

The following morning, still in an ugly mood, he left without waiting for breakfast. It made her angry. She had been ready to make up. One kindly word and she would have been in his arms. And, because of her anger, she smiled brilliantly when in the forenoon Donald M'Leod, all six feet of him, dark and handsome and dapper, came into the barbershop, sat down across from her at the little square table, reached out a hand and said:

"Do your stuff, babe."

"So soon again?"

"Can't get too much of a good thing—see?" He winked at her. "Mind if I smoke?"

"The gent, aren't you?"

"Always—when there's ladies present, Mrs. Slater."

"Say"—she was surprised—"know my name!"

"That ain't all I know about you." He dipped his left hand in the porcelain bowl with the soapy water. "I've been gumshoeing around. Found out what your worse half is doing. Sports writer on the Blade. Drawing down forty-seven smackers per." He paused. "And that, I take it, buys you no fancy trimmings. No silver fox for your pretty little neck. Nor no swell new sedan, either."

"Are you telling me?"

"Well, take a good look at me. I'm Santa Claus."

She smiled, nowise offended. All right, she reflected, for a fellow to put it up to a girl. No bones broken. Still, she was true to Bill, and she replied:

"Nothing doing. I'm not strong on the two-timing."

"You got me wrong." He leaned forward. "But, speaking about that silver fox, you get your husband to play ball with me, and I'll fix it so he's in the real dough." He lowered his voice. "Listen, babe! Here, next month, is this heavyweight brawl being pulled off. And what your worse half has to do . . ." He spoke at length in a confidential whisper. "Are you on?"

"Sure am."

That night she said to her husband:

"I know you don't like M'Leod. But he—he wants to cut you in on the big money."

"What've I got to do to earn it? Machine-gun a guy?"

"Don't be silly!" She told him what M'Leod had suggested; added: "That's all."

"That's all!" he echoed angrily. "Me to slant my forecast so that people hereabouts will bet their shirts on Battlin' Abe and, sure enough, M'Leod having it fixed so by this time that the Fightin' Harp . . ."

"All fights are fixed," she interjected, quoting M'Leod.

"Maybe they are—and maybe they aren't. Even so, I've got nothing to do with the fixing. I'm no crook. And for that mug to try and . . ."

nior stared at
r in admiration
Moms," he cried,
you're beaut'f'l!"

"As if sports mattered!"

Here was a strictly feminine heresy which left him aghast.

"You bet your sweet life they matter!" he exclaimed. "Almost as much as politics. I'm proud of my job."

"And what good does it do you?"

"Why—got plenty to eat, haven't we? A decent home and . . ."

"Don't I do my share? Not"—quickly—"that I'm not glad to do my share. But between the two of us slaving our livers out, what do we get out of life? Not enough," suddenly and unreasonably, "to buy me a silver fox."

"Oh"—impatiently—"a silver fox. As if . . ."

"Everybody down to the hotel has got one. Even the cloakroom girl. And me"—she sobbed—"still with that bit of rat's skin you gave me Christmas before last . . ."

"It was the best I could afford."

"Forgive me, Bill." At once she was contrite. "I'm a beast. But—gee!—when I see the other girls . . ."

She burst into tears, and he walked round the edge of the table and looked down at her lovely golden head. Couldn't really blame her. Poor kid—did have a tough time. Work all day in the barbershop. Then back to the flat and prepare supper. Look after Junior when the girl had gone home. Darn socks. Sew on buttons. Mighty little fun. And her heart was set on that piece of fur. . . .

He kissed her.

"Honey-pie," he announced, "I'll get you one."

"You—you'll talk to M'Leod?"

"No. There's another way. A decent way."

"What're you going to do?"

"Wait and see!"

He sat down and rolled himself a brown-paper cigarette. Yes, he thought, he'd get her that silver fox. The best in Los Angeles. And if things panned out right—they should, the way that Chicago syndicate guy had talked—it would mean more than a mere measly pelt for around her neck. A new car it would mean after a while and that swell little Spanish-style house they had admired last Sunday on Orange Grove, and . . .

"Kate," he said, "I'll be in the money sooner than you think. And then I want you to give up your job. Don't like the idea of your messing around with other people's paws."

"What're you going to do?" she asked again.

"It's a deep, dark secret."

He smiled. It wasn't only because he wanted to give her the fox scarf. It was, too, that he was getting tired of the humdrum newspaper routine. And—oh, yes—there was a way out of it. A thrilling, profitable way. . . .

M'LEOD came to the shop late the next afternoon.

"Talked to your Bill?" he inquired.

"Talked to him—and he refused point-blank."

"What a nitwit! He'll always play the small time. O. K. by me. Would have meant a lot to him." He scribbled a number on a piece of paper. "Here—give me a ring if he changes his mind." He turned to go; added slowly: "Might give me a ring anyway."

"What d'you mean—anyway?"

He looked her up and down. The man, after all, was Latin, resolutely pagan—and pagan, to him, the curve of her young throat moving under its tight adroit silk, the round warm legs molded by the short skirt. He'd seen worse dames. . . .

"Babe," he said in a husky whisper, "I'm for you strong—see? So any time you feel like going to town with me . . ."

He waved a hand and left. Her lips curled in a smile.

"Fresh guy!" she thought.

She consulted her wrist watch. Six o'clock. Closing time. She stopped at the corner drugstore for a lemon and lime. There Tommy Schultz, police reporter on the Blade, stepped up to her.

"Kate," he told her, "you shouldn't let Bill do it."

"Do what?"

"Don't you know?"

"Would I ask you if I did?"

A pause. Then Tommy mumbled:

"It's an airplane stunt."

"What're you giving me? Bill doesn't know a thing about planes. He's never been up."

"That's just it. Listen. . . ."

It seemed that Jerry Gowan, the head of a large Chicago newspaper-features syndicate, was in town. He was a man who believed in feeding the public blaring scoops, and had hit on the idea of somebody who had never flown before, not even as a passenger, dropping from a plane with the help of a parachute, landing on the wings of a second plane cutting through the air at a distance below, then describing his reactions and sensations. He would pay for it handsomely. Besides, he had promised it would be but the beginning of a whole series of articles picturing similar daredevil exploits. It would mean nation-wide publicity and a large steady income to the writer; and Bill had volunteered.

"It's the nuts," Tommy commented. "I wouldn't do it for a million cold cash."

"Nor is Bill. I'll give him an earful."

She telephoned him at his office; met him, twenty minutes later, in a Hollywood Boulevard speakeasy. She came straight to the point; and he demanded:

"Who told you?"

"Never mind who told me. I won't let you do it."

"I'm going to do it. Why, you said yourself . . ."

"That I want some fun out of life. I do. But what sort of a selfish, heartless little skunk do you take me for? Imagine I want you to risk your neck so as to . . ."

"I'm going to do it. It's easy money."

"I don't like easy money."

"That so? And what about your gangster friend?"

"Why bring him up? What's he got to do with it? Please, Bill—promise me . . ."

"I've made up my mind."

She begged, implored. He remained adamant. His first real chance. He wasn't going to side-step it. He was no yellowbelly. His voice rose. So did hers. The speak-easy proprietor approached their table.

"Outside is the place for family squabbles!"

They continued their quarrel on the street. People looked, laughed, while, as two nights before, they exchanged accusation and counter-accusation—exaggerated, unreasonable. Not, so queerly, because of hate, but because of love—her love for him, her anxiety lest an accident happen to him; and his love for her, his desire to earn more money, to make life for her a little more merry and colorful. So, for the sake of love, saying hurting, childish things. Reveling in each other's unhappiness. . . .

He, stubbornly resolved to go through with his plan, repeating:

"It's my one big chance."

She crying:

"Know what *I'll* do?"

"Nag me some more, I guess. . . ."

"Going out with M'Leod—he told me to give him a ring if I felt like it. Going to hit the high spots—"

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah! I'm going out with him—tonight!"

He glared at her.

"Knowing what he is?"

"Not giving a darn what he is! I'll do it unless you promise . . ."

"Promise—nothing!" He was furious. He wasn't going to be bullied. "Tomorrow morning, at eight sharp, I'll do that parachute stunt." He turned south on Vine Street. "And I won't be home for dinner. . . ."

He was certain that she was bluffing. Go out with that gangster? Not she, in spite of their row. She knew how he felt about it. Also, she had too much sense. But he was mistaken. For she was just as obstinate as he. And she hurried to the apartment; said to the high-school girl who looked after Junior:

"Bill and I are dining out. Mind staying till we get back?"

"Not a bit. I'll run across the street and tell mother."

"Plenty things in the icebox if you get hungry, Bessie. And we won't be very late."

Nor did she intend to be. Just late enough to make her husband nervous; make him think twice before he did this crazy thing. So, when Bessie had gone to talk to her mother, she called up M'Leod.

What about tonight . . .?

Fine and dandy! Tonight was the night. He'd meet her in the lobby of the Claremont Hotel at half past seven.

She went to the bedroom and changed. There was that pretty little outfit—dress, hat, shoes, stockings, all complete and all so Frenchy—she had bought cheaply at an inventory sale. She put it on.

Not so dusty! she told herself. That tight bodice, and that flare to the skirt, and just the right shade of blue to bring out the darker blue of her eyes. And the contrast of the yellow silk stockings and the yellow satin slippers—golden yellow as her hair. . . .

"You'll do!" she said, pirouetting before the mirror.

Bessie, who had come back, was getting ready to put Junior to bed when Kate entered his room to kiss him good night.

He stared in admiration when he saw her.

"Moms," he cried, "you're beaut'f'l!"

"And you're a sweetie-pie!" She hugged him; turned to Bessie. "How do I look?"

"Like—oh—like Mary Pickford!"

"With a touch of Pola Negri—eh?"

SHE went out on the street. It was a quarter after seven. Plenty time to walk the short distance to the Claremont. So she strolled slowly down Hollywood Boulevard. It stretched before her—beating and thumping its feverish, neurotic rhythm; curving its braggart, magnificent, rather tawdry electric gestures; yelling the chorus of its garish hodgepodge. But she loved it. God's own country! she thought, and passed through the swinging doors of the Claremont.

M'Leod was waiting for her. He seemed distracted.

"I phoned you," he said, "but you had left. Y'see—I'd like to put off our party."

"Put it off . . .?"

"I've a business date—downtown, in a Mexican dump."

"I don't mind Mexican dumps."

"You'll mind this one. Tell you what we'll do: I'll go there. Hurry through my business. You wait here . . ."

"And you'll stand me up. That the idea? Not on your life! You'll take me along, or you'll never have another chance."

He stared at her with his pagan, lawless eyes. Swell kid. And swell get-up—the way that tight bodice showed the beginning of her bosom.

"O. K., babe," he said. "Let's go."

HIS car was at the curb. He drove swiftly, brutally. Near the corner a policeman stopped him, started to bawl him out; then recognized him, saluted.

As he drove on, he laughed.

"Got those flatfoots trained—haven't I?"

He turned into La Brea; took, after a while, a cross-town artery. He was now silent, and his silence began to weigh on Kate. She glanced at him sideways. Good-looking guy. But—gee!—face as if made out of granite.

She was conscious suddenly of something akin to fear; something like a foreboding. She was on the point of asking him to turn back and take her home; decided a moment later that—no, no!—she'd do nothing of the sort. She'd go through with it.

So she tilted her hat to a more becoming angle, while presently the shimmer and glitter of Hollywood blurred to the drabness of downtown Los Angeles. The Mexican quarter. Rows—in those days—of dismal streets. Sagging little houses that were like broken, nicotine-stained teeth in an old man's mouth. Musty flatulent alleys. Slinking furtive-eyed people.

Once more Kate fell prey to the queer foreboding. But just then M'Leod braked the car to a stop before a rickety one-story building.

"Warned you it was a dump," he told her. "Well—too late to change your mind. My friends are waiting for me."

There were three of the latter sitting at a table as M'Leod and Kate entered the restaurant. They got up; said:

"Hi, there!"

Two were short, stocky, nondescript. The third, whom M'Leod addressed as Pete, was tall, lean, hawkish, exceedingly well dressed—indeed too well dressed—with his waist-fitting Norfolk jacket, the peg-top trousers, the patent-leather shoes with uppers of gray cloth. He asked, talking out of the corner of his mouth that was cruelly thin yet scarlet with sensuousness:

"Who's the dame, chief?"

"Friend of mine."

"Can't keep away from 'em, can you?"

"Never mind, Pete. The little lady's O. K."

He turned to Kate, who stood there more nervous than ever, looking about her at the smoky restaurant, the discolored walls, the single Mexican waiter shuffling about; feeling rather like a caged animal. He pointed at a corner table.

"Won't be long," he said. "Get yourself a drink. The Scotch here ain't so worse."

"You ought to know, chief," guffawed one of the men, "seein' it's you who . . ."

"Keep your trap shut, punk!"

So Kate sat down while M'Leod joined the others. They talked in whispers, with heads close together. Yet occasionally, as they grew more excited, she caught a word or two—English words, though most of the conversation was in clipped colloquial Italian.

"Semiramis," she heard, several times repeated.

Must refer to a ship—she decided—as there was talk of "seven thousand tons" and "all Chink crew" and "the mate boosted the ante. . . ."

Then she heard:

"Singapore. . . ."

Vaguely she knew the name. A town somewhere; a port. Where exactly? She couldn't remember. Maybe in

northern California—or in Oregon? Not that it mattered. . . .

She lit a cigarette, while the voices dropped to a drone, pierced, a few moments later, by laughter and somebody saying, quite distinctly:

"We'll split fifty grand. . . ."

More laughter. M'Leod clapping his hands, summoning the Mexican who was hovering near the kitchen door:

"Four Scotch, Pedro!"

"*Inmediatamente, caballero!*"

The drinks were brought. Glasses clinked.

"Anything else?" demanded M'Leod.

"Well"—Jake, the man who had guffawed, spoke raucously—"what about Big Mike's slice?"

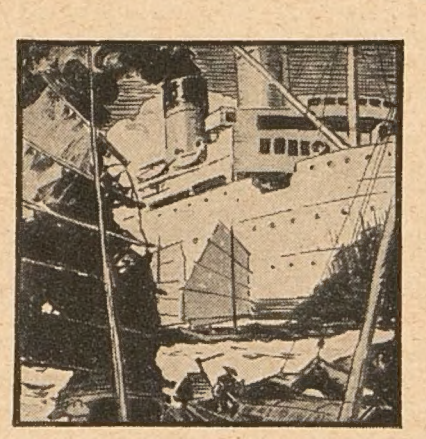
"Not a cent." M'Leod turned to Pete. "Warned him last time, didn't you?"

"Sure did. And suppose he . . ."

"The works. What else?" Just then M'Leod's eyes met Kate's; read there how startled she was. He had spoken too loudly, he reflected; had been a fool to bring her here. Her husband, after all, belonged to the snooping tribe of newspapermen. Better get her away from here before anything happened. "With you in a second, babe," he called out. He rose. "Be seeing you, boys. . . ."

He turned to go. And at this moment the door was pushed open. A swarthy broad-shouldered giant of a man stood on the threshold; and "*Madre de Dios!* Big Mike!" yelled the Mexican, and he scuttled into the kitchen, while the newcomer announced:

"I've come to collect—see?"



IT is difficult to reconstruct afterward, with accuracy, the many details which compose a drama of life. But though it was all over in a few minutes, the picture of what occurred projected itself on Kate's brain with the fidelity of a motion-picture reel. Never was she able to forget it; not even years later when, up and down the China coast, she was famous, or notorious, as Paradise Kate. . . . She would stop in the middle of a sentence, a laugh, the pouring of a drink—and remember—and shiver. . . .

Big Mike stepping away from the threshold, a cigarette in his left hand, his right curled about something that showed a bluish glint of steel. M'Leod advancing to meet him.

The other three men jumping up. One leaning against the kitchen door. Jake working his way rapidly, surreptitiously, in the direction of the front door. Pete, as rapidly and surreptitiously, moving toward the left of Big Mike. The three of them acting with such speed and clicking precision as if they were repeating something they had often done before.

In the meantime a swift, bitter exchange of words in metallic Italian between M'Leod and Big Mike.

"*Io ti ho detto,*" the former crying, "*di non lasciarmi vedere la tua faccia in questo posto!*"

"*O—l'hai detto propio?*"

"*Sicuro! Vai fuori di qui! O pure. . . .*"

"*Va bene . . .?*"

"*Questo, lazzarone!*" cried M'Leod.

And just then, as Big Mike was about to pull the trigger, Pete loomed up in back of him. He raised a stiletto, brought it down with full force—once, twice—between the other's shoulder blades. And the man stumbling. Falling. Prone on the ground. The blood welling slow and crimson. And a look coming into his eyes. A queer look. A look of utter childish amazement. . . .

Then silence, complete, swathing—and Kate was appalled. A shiver ran down her spine. She heard a voice—she did not realize it was her own—saying dully:

"You—you killed . . ."

Yes! Killed! Murder it was—as in some lurid motion-picture melodrama—and it had happened before her eyes. It was a fact. . . .

She must get out. She rushed toward the door. Found her way barred. Jake throwing an arm about her waist, clapping a hand—a dirty hand, reeking of onions and whisky and tobacco—across her mouth. And Pete approaching, the bloodstained knife still in his grasp. . . .

"*Padrone,*" he said, "*quella donna li sa un po' troppo. Lasciami che l'attenderò!*"

She had not the least knowledge of Italian. Yet she felt, sensed, knew what he meant. He was telling M'Leod she had seen too much; asking to let him kill her. . . .

She tore herself free; flung her arms about M'Leod's neck.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "I saw nothing, nothing! I won't let on! I promise. . . ."

"Don't let her bamboozle you, chief!" interrupted Jake.

She clung more closely to the gangster.

"I—I won't tell a soul!" she stammered. "I swear I won't—not even my husband. . . ."

Husband! The word released a thought—and a fear—in M'Leod's brain. Once more he recalled who her husband was—a newspaperman—a snooper. . . .

He sighed, nowise hypocritically.

"Babe," he told Kate, "I hate to do it. You're a swell little cutie. But, seeing your worse half's on the Blade . . ."

"On the Blade," Pete echoed, "is he? Well, that settles that—don't it, chief?" And, as the latter hesitated, "Haven't gone soft, have you? Say, there's plenty more janes where this one came from. . . ."

"Plenty more janes," agreed the other. His hands caressed Kate's soft throat. Cutie—sure—and he sort of liked her. "Hate to do it," he repeated. "Tough on you, kid. But can't be helped. . . ."

"Listen!" she sobbed. "Listen! . . ."

Her dress had slipped off one shoulder, showing it bare and white. Her impudent little hat was awry. Her face had lost its color, was as gray as putty.

Death. Death in the air. Death at her elbow.

She hated death. She was young. All life was before her. And there was Bill—there was Junior. . . .

She didn't want to die! Didn't want to die! . . . Didn't want to.

SHE gripped M'Leod's wrists. Wildly she searched his black unresponsive eyes to find a trace of mercy. Her words came in a gulping rush.

"I trust you so, Mac! Honest to God I do! And I know you won't—"

She fell on her knees before him; embraced his legs.

"Aw"—her broken, ludicrous words—"for the love of your own mother, Mac—"

She swallowed hard. Bleak, terrible fear squeezed her windpipe. Silence. Then M'Leod saying:

"O. K., babe. I'll give you your choice. It's death—or Singapore. . . ."

Pete laughed.

"And if I was you, lady," he chimed in slowly, "I'd take death."

Another silence.

Singapore—thought Kate—oh, yes! they had spoken of it before. A town somewhere, a port, in northern California—or maybe in Oregon. She wasn't so strong on geography. But it didn't matter. They'd keep her there a while, she guessed, guard her closely, while they made their getaway and put a few thousand miles between themselves and the cops. Bill would be worried—and Junior lonely. Sure. But she'd be back in a few weeks—just a few weeks—and then everything would be fine and dandy.

And that Pete with his he'd rather take death if he were she . . .?

The bunk! Only trying to frighten her. . . .

"All right," she said. "I'll take Singapore. . . ."

Is Kate's plight hopeless? How can she fight against such a criminal gang? What does Singapore hold in store for her? Next week's Liberty brings you the kidnaped girl's first adventure there. Order your copy now so as not to miss a word of this thrilling story.

Will Stalin and Hitler Join

READING TIME
8 MINUTES
30 SECONDS

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THIS is, I suppose, a love story. Yet no love story should end with its hero standing nervously in the soundproofed execution chamber of a Moscow cellar, toppling jerkily as bullets rip through his military tunic.

Nor should the curtain fall upon its young and charming heroine growing hollow-eyed in a gloomy prison cell.

Neither should its finish be marred by a bitter note of frustration: the Great Man—he who sent his friend, the hero, to a firing squad and the heroine to her prison cell—crying wretchedly in a Moscow parlor, his strong shaggy head buried in the skirt of a woman.

No love story should end like that.

To learn why this one did, it is necessary to know what goes on in the head of the man who buried his face in a woman's skirts and cried.

That man was Joseph Stalin.

The Joseph Stalin of today is no Bolshevik. He is a man who intends to abandon Communism in Russia. He is a man who plans to restore capitalism, set up a form of Fascism in the country of which he is dictator. He is a man who soon will publicly join hands in an amazing alliance with a leader commonly supposed to be his most bitter enemy—Adolf Hitler.

Several months ago, in Russia, I learned most of these facts. Some of them actually were disclosed to me in the course of two meetings I had with Stalin himself.

Out of the past year's epidemic of purges, of executions in Russia have come, so far, no proper understanding or explanation. Yet the obvious fact remains that those liquidated have been, almost without exception, the leading spirits of old-line Bolshevism, the very professional revolutionists who established Communism in Russia, the men who oppose any European alliances for Russia.

Last fall, Eugene Lyons, Moscow correspondent, in his book, Assignment in Utopia, wrote:

" Every month brings the Soviet state closer in essence to the Fascist states of Italy and Germany."

Today, I can add to that. Stalin not only intends to set up in his own country a form of government strikingly like that of Fascist Italy and Germany, but he actually hopes to conclude with both of them, and with England, a strong alliance capable of forcing troubled Europe to maintain peace.

Stalin does not want war. Another world war, he knows too well, would precipitate the terrors of revolution throughout Europe and in Russia.

Ironic, that! Stalin, the once dreaded revolutionist, now lives himself in dread of revolution.

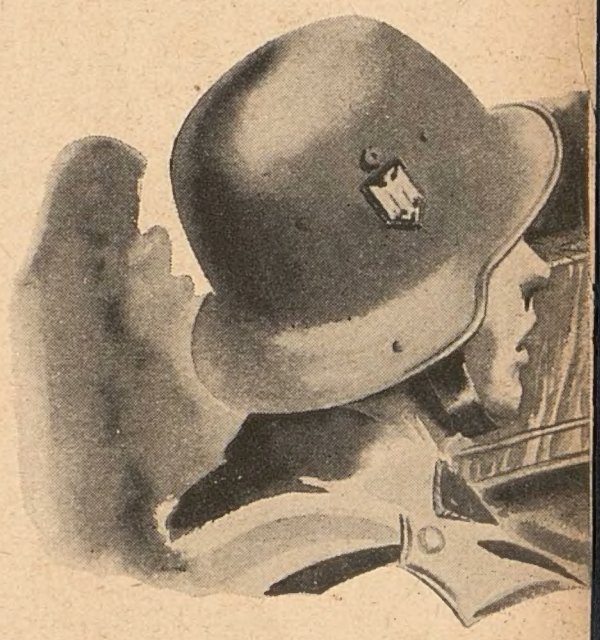
Early Stalin perceived the danger of Bolshevism and realized that if he dared to hope at all to restore Russia to some of its former might and influence in Europe, he must master those in power who had flung aside all principles of sound government and were propagandizing their " political convictions " to enrich themselves at the expense of their country.

Today he is putting his plans into action. He is smashing those who stand opposed to his shift toward conservatism. A conservative government is his goal. " That alone," he said not long ago, " can save Russia."

In those early days, when Stalin and his comrades conspired successfully against the Czar, Stalin took a liking to a young officer, Marshal Michail Nikolaevich Tukhashevsky. Though he had been the son of a nobleman, Tukhashevsky had always had Bolshevik sympathies. During the Revolution he had helped Trotsky build the Red Army; had become its outstanding tactician. Stalin appointed him one of his five field marshals, and eventually made him Vice-Commissar for Defense. The two men became great—and real—friends. Stalin did not realize that Tukhashevsky was ambitious—more for himself than for Russia.

About two years ago—Tukhashevsky was then forty-three—he went to a watering place in Czechoslovakia for a cure. There he met a woman.

She was the Countess ——, the daughter of Polish parents, an incredibly beautiful creature, still in her twenties and unhappily married.



Tukhashevsky and the pretty countess fell violently in love. Their affair could not long be kept secret and soon there were people, not only in Poland but elsewhere, who saw opportunity in this romance. Tukhashevsky had dreams of being the Napoleon of Russia. Well, here was his Marie Walewska.

What really happened I am not yet at liberty to reveal. This much may be told:

Tukhashevsky was induced to organize a conspiracy against Stalin and to attempt, with the help of the Red Army, the dictator's overthrow.

Tukhashevsky, with the aid of the two foreign Powers whose agents proposed this plot, was then to become military dictator of all Russia. An alliance was to be concluded and the two Powers would help him to transform Russia once more into a monarchy.

Fantastic or no, Tukhashevsky and his lovely mistress agreed to the scheme.

Needing some one in whom he could confide, from whom he could obtain help, he made a very unhappy

Hands to Rule the World?

choice. He confided in Henry G. Yagoda, weasel-faced head of Stalin's Secret Political Police. Yagoda listened. Attentively, sympathetically—even eagerly. He promised co-operation.

No sooner had Tukhashevsky gone than Yagoda rushed to the Kremlin to report the plot to Stalin, who warned Yagoda to keep secret what he had learned. He said nothing to Tukhashevsky.

Confident of his power, gambling everything on the esteem in which, indeed, the Red Army had so long held him, Tukhashevsky called in the commanders of several Moscow regiments, put his cards upon the table, and asked their help in ridding Russia of Stalin.

Again help was promised. Again Tukhashevsky was betrayed. His fellow officers rushed to Stalin, blabbed the conspiracy. And again Stalin was coldly silent.

Things happened swiftly this time, however. Tukhashevsky and seven other officers high in the command of the Red Army were clapped into jail. Two days later a secret trial was held. On the third day, brilliant Russian hero Michail Tukhashevsky stood, with his companions, in the gloom of a cork-lined cellar. A firing squad quickly wrote a noisy finish to his life and his ambitions.

The charge: Treasonous sale of military secrets to two "unfriendly" foreign Powers.

Reputedly, these "unfriendly" Powers were Germany and Japan. I do not believe the announcement that Germany was one of them is accurate. Despite Hitler's abhorrence of Communism, it is generally acknowledged that both Hitler and Stalin realize that a struggle between them might well result in the destruction of both nations.

Stalin, despite the verbal abuse showered from time to time by his associates upon Germany and England, looks to an alliance with both those countries, and with Italy, as desirable.

It is toward this goal that Stalin works today. It is bloody, brutal work. The execution of his eight army officers, including the beloved Tukhashevsky, is a part of it. So was the more recent purge of eighteen "old Bolsheviks"—among them, Yagoda. To bring back capitalism, to introduce Fascism (under another name) in his country, Stalin must smash the men who—once his comrades—seized power.

He trusts the future to vindicate him. A new generation of men and women has grown up in Russia. It is from the ranks of these "new Bolsheviks"—members of the new middle classes—that today Stalin is drawing replacements for those his executions have removed. Actually, this fresh blood consists neither of Communists nor Bolsheviks. They are the power of tomorrow—sincere Russians who love their country.

The elimination of Tukhashevsky was, perhaps, the hardest task that Stalin has ever faced. A dictator, today, must of necessity be a lonely man.

One afternoon, not long ago, Stalin's car halted before the door of a house in Moscow. Stalin went inside.

In the parlor, he was met by one of the few persons left in whom he still confides—a woman who loves him. Inevitably, the conversation was invaded by the ghost of the handsome Tukhashevsky.

Stalin broke down completely. He hid his face in the folds of the woman's skirt and sobbed like a child: "I loved him. I loved him and trusted him like a brother."

AND what of the lovely Countess ——, the Polish beauty that Michail Tukhashevsky loved?

The countess was in Moscow when Stalin learned of his favorite marshal's plot against him, and of the countess' part in the plot. But she was not molested. She fled to Poland. But shrewd Stalin's police trailed her from that day forward. After Tukhashevsky's execution, she found herself in possession of a packet of compromising letters and documents. She decided to return them to those from whom her dead lover had obtained them and started for France.

En route to Paris, her train stopped in a great European capital. There, police officials invaded her compartment, took the papers from her, and arrested her on a charge of espionage. She was thrown into jail—and she is in jail today.

It is not a pleasant ending for a love story. But it is an ending filled with tremendous international portent. For the great city in which she, a conspirator against Stalin, was arrested, was Berlin, the capital of Hitler's Nazi Germany. The Russian police who had shadowed her did not make the arrest. They merely notified Hitler that an enemy of Stalin's Russia would, at a certain hour, pass through Berlin. Hitler's police did the rest. The countess was subsequently convicted of espionage and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Does such friendly and convenient co-operation between Russia and Germany imply that those two nations are bitter enemies?

I do not think so.

Nor do I think I shall be much astonished when, one day not far hence, "enemies" Joseph Stalin and Adolf Hitler decide, publicly, to shake hands.

THE END

Fascism for Russia—and a startling alliance! . . . An astonishing, authoritative forecast of things to come

Officials boarded the train and arrested her on an espionage charge.

DARK EYES MEAN *Danger*

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

READING TIME
21 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

FROM the window of his hotel suite Dwight Gray took a look at the weather. The river Thames was not, really, to be seen. In front of it was a gray curtain of rain. Rain always took him back to Harbin, central Manchuria. Darkness and rain always brought back vividly, and deplorably, a memorable evening there.

The valet, in attendance on him the two weeks he had been in London, presented coat and scarf, silk hat and white gloves.

"Be sure to get the trunks off tonight," Dwight said, "and call me at seven fifteen in the morning."

"Very good, sir."

"You've got it straight, haven't you? Stateroom A-17, Queen Mary, Southampton."

"Yes, sir." He bowed. "Good night, sir."

Downstairs and outside the main entrance, the doorman opened the door of a cab for him.

"Number 66 Monmouth Square. Lord Wollerton's."

Dwight Gray was twenty-five and an American. Judged by standards of athletics, rowing and squash rackets in particular, he was a formidable opponent. Judged by women, he was a blond Apollo, a decided matrimonial catch, easily led by the nose, and a bit of a stuffed shirt. Judged by the rapier-yardstick of diplomacy—the profession he was being groomed for—he was a veritable baby.

Although he sometimes thought of a Russian dancer he had lately met, only one woman mattered in his life. She was Audrey Stair and he was engaged to her.

Dwight looked forward to the evening. This was part of his schooling. Lord Wollerton would probably introduce him to people versed in the existing conditions of troubled Europe.

A footman took his invitation card, then conducted him to the downstairs library, saying that Lord Wollerton wished a word with him in private. But Dwight wasn't alone in the room. Another guest stood by the fire, sipping from a tall glass. He was the handsomest man Dwight had ever seen. About thirty-six.

There was, at once, that calm yet infernal reserve about him characteristic of certain Englishmen, and Dwight decided to knock the props from under it, if he could.

"My name's Gray. Dwight Gray."

The man slowly drank.

"Meredith," he finally condescended.

Dwight could recall nobody of that name connected with politics or at the various embassies.

"I suppose," the Englishman offered, "like all Americans, you're interested in the goings on in the Yankee Stadium today?"

"What—what goings on?"

"What you chaps over there call the World Series. In case you haven't heard, the Yankees are leading the Giants four runs to one at the end of the fifth."

"Thanks."

"Let me see," the Englishman's drawl continued. "I believe that your father and Lord Wollerton are old friends?"

The reply was guarded: "They know one another."

"In the same explosive business, aren't they?"

Dwight couldn't dodge. "Well—yes."

A short granite-faced individual with a shock of powdery hair projected himself into the room. Lord Wollerton, one of the most powerful factors in international affairs, and a maker of munitions.

"Ah, Basil," he said to Meredith, "what are *you* doing down here?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Well, Dwight. You've both met, I take it. I'd like a word with young Gray alone, if you don't mind, Basil."

Meredith left, and Lord Wollerton piloted Dwight to a corner.

"I want you to deliver a message to your father." He had lowered his voice. "Too perilous over the telephone—or in code," he said, giving one of his fleeting smiles.

"You can trust me, sir."

"Tell him that plovers' eggs are good with caviar." Little doubt that it had something to do with munitions and that Lord Wollerton was passing along the information to Gray-Burley, Ltd., Richmond, Virginia.

"War," he had said, "between the British Empire and the United States of America has become impossible. Therefore anything for our mutual protection and interests should be exchanged between us."

Finding his way upstairs, Dwight was greeted by one of his country's Assistant Secretaries of State.

"I met Audrey at a Washington party shortly before I sailed last week," Tildon said. "Couldn't get a word out of her about you. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Not that I'm aware of." This was an evasion; for he and Audrey had quarreled and his letters to her remained unanswered.

Tildon hurried away. Dwight took a glass of champagne. He saw that Meredith was near him. Across the room a group of people surrounded Lord Wollerton. Among them, a slender figure in white satin, sapphire circlet around her lovely throat, was a woman. Dark-

A tense, vivid tale of a too-trusting young man and the hidden peril that lurked in a mysterious beauty's spell

She was drenched to the skin, was in terror. Could she take shelter in his room?

satin shoulders bared, jet eyes that burned with a slow radiance, her beauty was magnetic. The wine in Dwight's glass spilled over his hand.

"Who are the people talking to Lord Wollerton?" he asked Meredith, trying to keep the inquiry even.

"The chap with the uncombed hair is Sergei Brovnikov. In disfavor with Stalin because of his anti-Communist views. Probably knows more about the present Eastern situation than any man in the room."

"And—the woman?"

"His wife."

Dwight put his glass down. "Rather attractive."

"Quite. I'm told she's an aristocrat. Brovnikov boasts that he comes from the peasantry. Both Russian exiles. I'm sure Lord Wollerton would introduce you."

The Englishman moved away. Here! In Lord Wollerton's house! Mme. Brovnikov? He hadn't known her by that name. Had she married within the last five months, or had she been married when—

He was suddenly aware that she had singled him out. Her languorous inspection was momentary and casual, then her eyes turned elsewhere.

Could he be mistaken? He moved nearer.

Impossible to mistake her. Again their eyes met, held for an instant. Again, with no vestige of mutual recognition, she glanced away.

He watched her move away from the group. Alone, she made her way to the refreshment table, the symmetry of her waist and hips the cynosure of eyes young and old.

He was determined, impelled, to join her. She had requested a glass of wine, and he took it from the servant's hand, presented it to her. She thanked him and smiled.

"This is an astonishing place for us to meet again, Mme. Brovnikov."

Dark, smoky eyes immediately widened. "Why?"

Her puzzlement confused him, and he couldn't very well continue the subject here. "Have you seen Lord Wollerton's paintings? There's a Titian you shouldn't miss. May I show it to you?"

"Very well—since you insist." She was amused.

Dwight held his speech until they were in a large oak-paneled room. Then he put mischief and the demand for explanation into boyish blue eyes. "A vast change from the Café Droska."

"Café Droska?" she repeated. "What you are saying doesn't make sense to me. I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, m'sieur, but if you—"

"You can't have forgotten it. Dwight Gray."

"You think you have met me before? Where?"

He was smiling. "In Harbin. Five months ago."

"Most amusing," she said, studying him. "However, since I still don't know who you are, I must ask you to return me to the salon. Or shall I go alone?"

He bowed. "I understand. Under the circumstances I shouldn't have spoken to you. At least, not here." He opened a door to the foyer at the head of the grand staircase. "I'm sailing for home tomorrow. New York. I wanted to know what happened to you that morning in Harbin—after you left me—without saying good-by. Also, how is it that you—"

"It sounds rather exciting," she bantered with him. "I can't make out if you really believe what you are saying—or if this is your method of flirtation." They rejoined the crowd.

"Ah, General Berkley," she said, giving the soldier her jeweled hand. "I told you we would soon meet again."

He bowed from the waist. "The pleasure is divine."

Dwight, now completely ignored by her, made his way down the stairs. It wasn't necessary to inform Lord Wollerton of his intended departure, and as he climbed into his overcoat he felt that he had behaved stupidly. As a diplomat he was woefully immature.

"Going?" It was Meredith.

"Yes; I leave for Southampton early tomorrow."

"May I offer you a lift?"

"Thanks very much."

Outside, they had to wait under the awning until Meredith's car came along, a uniformed chauffeur at the wheel.

Dwight looked for a crest on the door. There was none. The rain poured down.

The car glided away. Meredith said:

"It's not late. Care to drop into my diggings for a spot and a bit of a chat? It's on the way. Interesting old place. Sort of a club, you know. Scotland Yard."

Scotland Yard! For a second or two Dwight didn't speak.

"Are you connected with the Yard?"

"I'm Inspector Meredith."

There was no fear in Dwight, and no necessity for it. He therefore readily accepted the invitation. Things began to look interesting.

In Meredith's "diggings"—a room with a long mahogany desk and comfortable chairs—he threw off his overcoat and placed a tray on a table near the fire.

"Take off your duds. Sit and warm your toes."

Meredith prepared two tall glasses. "Well," he drawled lazily, sinking deep into a leather chair, "I believe you met Mme. Brovnikov?"

DWIGHT admitted having met her.

"And her husband?"

"No."

"Gorgeous creature, the woman." Meredith raised his glass. "Chin-chin."

Dwight drank with him, glad of the stimulant.

"Had you met her before, by any chance?"

"Inspector Meredith, is this an official questioning?"

"My dear chap, no. Don't reply, if you prefer."

"As a matter of fact I don't know a thing about her. I haven't even the honor of her acquaintance."

"Strange. Some of us were a bit jealous when you trotted her off to the etching room."

"Afraid I annoyed her. I thought I knew her, but was stupidly mistaken."

"You mean you knew her by another name?"

"Something of that sort," Dwight said, glaring.

"What name was that?"

"I prefer not to say."

"Where did you think you'd met her before?"

"Nothing more to add."

"Gray," Meredith pursued easily, "it seems an odd thing to say on such short order, but I like you. We know much about you here, and all of it in your favor. We know, for instance, that you are engaged to Miss Audrey Stair of Washington, D. C. Some time ago, in one of our fashionable journals, I happened to see her photograph. I may tell you in all sincerity, that was the closest I ever came to falling in love."

On his guard, Dwight acknowledged the compliment.

"You'll be glad to see each other again, no doubt. The year's separation must seem like a century."

Dwight permitted himself a dig at the man's assurance. "It hasn't been a year. Four months ago she came over and met me in Paris."

"Ah, yes, I'd forgotten." Meredith looked very sly, amiable, and handsome. "That was about three weeks after you'd left Moscow and"—he underlined the word—"Harbin."

"About that," Dwight admitted, staring at him.

"Then, as I now recall it, she left suddenly, returned to America without coming on to London. There was a bit of a rumor about an estrangement."

Dwight flushed. "What has all this to do with Mme. Brovnikov?" he demanded.

"*Has* it anything to do with her?"

"No," was the lie.

Meredith placed his drink on the table. "Then I must be barking up the wrong tree," he said. "The fact is, when I noticed your absorbed interest in her this evening, I thought I'd better step in to protect you."

"Protect me from what?"

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

born in Wales, lived for some time in Canada, and served overseas with the Dominion troops during the World War. He spent two years in the Canadian Northwest as a surveyor, tried life in Hollywood, and at last decided to make his home and do his writing in New York.

"Since you insist that you don't know the lady, there's no purpose in telling you. I was afraid that you'd met her before, and that her presence at Lord Wollerton's, as Mme. Brovnikov, shocked you into equivocation and silence. I think I was almost afraid that because of her you had quarreled with your fiancée."

"And I think you've got a lot of impertinence in meddling in my affairs." Dwight picked up his hat and coat.

"You are justified in saying so. My car will take you to your hotel."

"Thanks—I'll pick up a cab."

The mystery of Mme. Brovnikov now consumed him. Was he withholding information that would help Scotland Yard? It seemed unlikely that any person not vouched for could be received by Lord Wollerton, and yet the fact remained that not so long ago she had been a hired performer in a Manchurian dive, dancing almost in the nude, and lovely to behold. He knew he wasn't mistaken about her.

Almost uncanny, the way Meredith had linked her up with his and Audrey's quarrel in Paris. But that, surely, wasn't the purpose of his subtle questioning?

In his hotel suite he saw that the valet had packed almost everything. The large silver-framed photograph, however, remained by his bed.

Dwight stared for a long time at the lovely face and at the words written there: "With all my love. Audrey."

A photograph had caused all the trouble—one he had carelessly failed to conceal in his Paris apartment, refusing to explain it beyond the absurd story that he had found it in his hotel room in Harbin. Then why, Audrey asked him, had he kept it? To pacify her, he had torn the thing in half. But she wouldn't be pacified, and quite suddenly, leaving him no word, she had sailed home.

His thoughts traveled back to the girl who had posed for the daring photograph.

He was in Harbin, central Manchuria. The Manchukuo situation was out of hand, and in Harbin the Japanese and Russian antagonism threatened to burst into flame at any moment. It was all very exciting.

On his last evening he returned around midnight to his hotel, having planned to leave in the morning for Moscow. Rain was pouring down.

He was preparing for bed when some one knocked on his door. Opening it, he was confronted by Sylka Vashel, the dancer at the Café Droska. Drawn by her beauty, he had visited the place nightly, made her acquaintance, bought her wine. She was drenched to the skin, wore a man's hat and overcoat sizes too large for her.

The girl was in terror. The Japanese, she blurted out, suspected her of being a spy. She was not. They had raided her lodging quarters, her dressing room. She knew of no place to go, and had no money. Could she take shelter in his room?

Propriety and Harbin had nothing in common. Yet Dwight had hesitated, not wishing to become involved. But there was a young terrified girl of twenty-two shivering violently in his doorway. Nobody, she claimed, had seen her enter the hotel. She had come up the back way. Dwight remembered he had once described the view from his windows to her, and thus foolishly indicated just what room he occupied.

The room lacked heat, had little privacy and only one bed. He gave the girl a drink of brandy, took off her rain-soaked coat. She was still in her dancing costume. She couldn't stand around almost naked, shivering with fright and cold. He threw her a suit of his pajamas—and gave up his bed to her. But for deserting his belongings, he would have dressed, taken a room elsewhere He settled himself in the armchair, with only his dressing gown for covering. The girl's fears gradually subsided and she fell asleep.

SHE was gone when he awoke the next morning. Swiftly he checked up on his valuables. The contents of his briefcase seemed to have been disturbed, probably his

own doing. Anyway, she had taken nothing. But she had left the lingering memory of her warm lips. . . .

Dwight undressed, and was about to switch off the light when the telephone rang.

"Mr. Gray?" It was a low feminine voice.

"Speaking."

"Do you know who this is?"

A quiver ran through him. "Yes, I do."

"I must see you for a moment. May I come up?"

The Harbin incident was being duplicated, with change of scene and character. The situation, particularly after what had happened at Lord Wollerton's and in Scotland Yard, challenged him keenly.

"Where are you now?"

"Downstairs."

"Very well. Suite 404."

He slipped into his dressing gown. Nervously lighting a cigarette, he went into the sitting room, and, in the hall, left the entrance door slightly open.

A faint click told him it had closed. She was a dazzling sight, standing there. She wore a chinchilla wrap and carried over her arm a white fox scarf.

"Why did you speak to me this evening? You surely must have known I couldn't talk with you there."

He murmured an apology.

"I had to invent the most elaborate excuse in order to see you," she said.

The perfume of her, she herself, went to his head. "Won't you sit down?" He reached for her scarf.

She wouldn't let him take it. "No, no, no. I can only stay a moment. I wouldn't have come except that you told me you were leaving for New York in the morning. Today," she corrected, glancing at her wrist watch.

"How did you know I was staying here?"

"It was not difficult. The hard thing was to get here. Sergei and I also go today, by the Normandie. We are flying to Cherbourg at 2 A. M. I want you to get in touch with me at the Ritz in New York. Or—no, I had better phone you. Where can I reach you?"

"The Harvard Club." He followed her to the door.

"I'll explain everything to you then." She moved a step nearer. "I haven't forgotten," she said, her dark eyes softly agleam. "I can't tell you what I owe you. Everything in the world."

"Including," he smiled, "a brilliant husband."

"Sergei? He was merely a means for me to win back my inheritance, my position in the world. I've thought of you often—very often—since that night."

And then she was in his arms. He could feel the warmth of her body pressed close to him as he kissed her. In the next instant she was gone, and Dwight Gray returned to the sitting room and saw her white fox scarf on the floor.

He dashed to the telephone. "This is Dwight Gray. There's a lady in a chinchilla—" He stopped abruptly, wanting to bite his tongue off. "Never mind," he said. "Wrong number."

He had no way of knowing where to reach her. He might find out from Lord Wollerton, but that would be an idiotic move. Unless she called or sent for the scarf, there was nothing he could do about it.

THERE was a rap on the hall door. Dwight, scarf in hand, turned the key.

"May I come in for a moment?" asked Inspector Meredith.

"Why—er—yes. Why, of course." Dwight dropped the scarf behind the door as he opened it. "Go right in, inspector. I was just on the point of going to bed."

Meredith hesitated. "Alone, are you?"

"Certainly."

The Scotland Yard man smiled. "Perfume in the air. Makes me think of Mme. Brovnikov, for some reason."

Dwight put on a bold front. "Still harping on Mme. Brovnikov. Well, inspector—what brings you here?"

Meredith kept up his smile. "What did she have to say to you, Gray? Come on, be a good sport. Help a poor chap out a bit. You don't know it, but I've done you rather a good turn tonight—gratis. Cost me money, too."

In the bedroom the telephone rang. "Excuse me a moment." Closing the door behind him, Dwight picked up the instrument. He recognized the low voice instantly.

"Did I by any chance leave my scarf there?"

"You did."

"How careless of me! I've no time to send for it. Will you take it along with you and return it to me in New York? You won't have any trouble with it with the customs people. It has a Fifth Avenue label on it."

"I'll take great care of it."

"Thank you. *Au revoir.*"

When he returned to the sitting room, Meredith had the scarf in his hands. "Mme. Brovnikov's?"

All at once Dwight Gray definitely knew that further equivocation on his part would get him into hot water. "Yes," he admitted. "She left it here by mistake."

Meredith showed little surprise. "A woman doesn't usually forget an expensive scarf, particularly when she is in a hurry to leave town, with no intention of an immediate return."

"I'm to return it to her in New York."

"Interesting." Strong brown fingers were playing up and down the scarf. At last he took a penknife from his pocket, calmly opened it.

WATCH me slightly impair a fur scarf and," he added significantly, "save a diplomatic career." Deftly cutting a few stitches of thread, he inserted his finger and ripped the skin apart. He produced from inside a thin folded piece of paper. He unfolded it.

"Blank. Harmless. Let's take a squint at it against the light. Still blank. No, if you step forward you'll see some very faint watermarks on it. Couldn't be a message in code, do you think?"

Dwight couldn't see anything on the paper.

"We'll have the experts untangle this. Interesting to know how she might have got the information across the pond if you hadn't been available. Came pretty near working—didn't it, old chap?"

Dwight could only stare at him, unable to say a word as his colossal artlessness dawned on him.

"She had no intention of going to America herself. Too much of a risk. True, she's flying to Cherbourg tonight, on her way back to Harbin—as she thinks. We're letting her go because the French police begged us to do so. They've been anxious to get their hands on her for some time." He smiled. "Mme Brovnikov, alias Sylka Vashel, is a White Russian émigré in the pay of Japan."

Dwight remained silent.

"As for the scarf, I'm afraid she will have no further use for it for a long, long time to come. And I'm sure," he smiled, "you don't want it. So I'll take it along."

"What"—Dwight hardly recognized his voice—"what might have happened if—if I'd taken it across for her?"

"Oh, nothing much. You'd probably notice a Jap about the place, then wake up one morning to find him and the scarf mysteriously missing." He thrust his hand into his overcoat pocket. "Clean forgot. Here's a cable for you. They gave it to me downstairs."

Dwight opened it and read:

YOUR SWEET CABLE EXPLAINED EVERYTHING SO ALL IS FORGIVEN STOP OF COURSE I WILL MEET YOU IN NEW YORK STOP ALL MY LOVE TO YOU DARLING AND A THOUSAND KISSES

AUDREY

He stared at it dumfoundedly, then at Meredith.

"This is from Audrey, in reply, she says, to my cable. I sent none to her. I meant to—but—"

"Sorry," Meredith said, preparing to leave. "But that's your problem, not mine. S'long," he called from the door, "and *bon voyage!*"

"Wait," Dwight said, detaining him. "If you want to hear all I know about Mme. Brovnikov—"

"Not the least necessary now, old chap. So far as I'm concerned, you never once popped eyes on her. Next time be more on your guard. I happen to know that Lord Wollerton trusted you with a valuable message tonight, and that it's as safe with you as in the Bank of England."

Dwight clasped his hand. "Thank you for everything—including the cable you sent for me to Audrey."

Meredith winked handsomely. "I'll send you a copy of it, so that you'll know what to say."

THE END

THIRD-TERMITES

A White House Disclosure

Challenging! Some things you may not know about our Presidential past and what it means to the nation's future

BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

ALREADY there is rife talk of a third term for our present President. This would be a profound revolution in our traditions; and political revolutions, like volcanic eruptions, are preceded always by ominous rumblings and prolonged tremors.

Already one of President Roosevelt's ex-counselors, Stanley High, has gathered into a book a number of articles in which he more than hints that we shall see a strong attempt to give President Roosevelt a third term, in violation of the unwritten constitution.

Already Mr. Mencken has Menckenated: "Roosevelt will win a third term unless the Republicans can find a worse quack to run against him."

Already the first outbreak of Fascism in either of the Americas has apparently scored an amazingly easy success. The motion pictures showed President Roosevelt chatting gaily some time ago with President Vargas of Brazil. And now President Vargas has taken over his entire government in a way that has won applause from Mussolini and Hitler. There are some who allege that President Roosevelt has similar ambitions.

In Spanish America they are calling this self-perpetuation in office by a new word: *continuismo.*

The meekness of the Brazilian surrender to one-man rule startles us. Up here, the bare suggestion of tampering with the make-up of the Supreme Bench provoked such a national upheaval that Franklin Roosevelt found himself for a time almost what Grover Cleveland was, "a President without a party." This is in complete contrast with the beginning of his first administration, when he was a President with two parties.

But the first Presidential term usually begins with what is called a "honeymoon." This is generally very brief. In fact, so much of nearly every President's first term has been sacrificed to assuring himself a second that there has been incessant agitation to give him one term of six years and deny him re-election.

Out of thirty-one Presidents, including the current one, thirteen, including Lincoln and McKinley, who were assassinated, have won a second term. Only two have openly tried for a third term: Grant and Theodore Roosevelt. Of these two only Roosevelt got his name on the ballot. Both, in spite of enormous prestige and vast political support, failed to overcome the ingrained American sentiment against a third term.

Now it might be timely to cast a backward glance at the origin and growth of the ban, and the various attacks on it.

Perhaps it was the Indians, the rattlesnakes, and the renegades that inculcated in our forefathers a habit of watching the step and being chary of commitments. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War the thirteen colonies put their generals in strait jackets and gave their Congressional representatives little power. There was no executive at all at first. The Continental Congress had a president, but he was merely the chairman of a debating society. Once or twice when Congress had to pack up and skedaddle, it gave imaginary dictatorial powers to its own creature, General Washington; but when it sneaked back to the capital, he handed back the power before he could be asked for it.

After about a year of fighting, the Congress appointed two committees—one to draw up that glorious advertisement called the "Declaration of Independence," and one to draw up a kind of constitution to be called "The Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union." The Articles were not approved till November 15, 1777, and their ratification by the states was not completed until the year of Cornwallis' surrender.

The "Perpetual Union" was a perpetual disunion, and its Congress was a mere megaphone of disputes. After the war was over and peace established, the chaos was perfected until details of it scared the states into the Constitutional Convention of 1787. The convention was authorized merely to amend the Articles, but promptly threw them overboard. The convention debates were wisely kept secret. The tempest broke when the results were disclosed.

Two things our forefathers dreaded most: a standing army, and an executive who might perpetuate his power. To prevent the executive from making a king out of himself, it was decided to divide him into three persons: one from the Northern States, one from the Middle, and one from the Southern. Washington's neighbor and beloved friend, George Mason, urged the triple executive, and urged that its term should be for seven years, with a prohibition of re-eligibility. This seemed to satisfy everybody, and it was also concluded that the executive should be elected by Congress. Then doubts arose and re-eligibility was conceded. Next the three men were changed to one. Some proposed that he be elected for eight years; others for eleven, fifteen, even twenty years, or "during good behavior."

On July 26 it was definitely voted that the executive should be appointed by Congress for seven years and be ineligible for re-election. Then, on September 4, a committee brought in a plan for a term of four years, with no restrictions as to re-election, the executive to be appointed by a board of electors chosen by each state as it saw fit, each of the electors to vote for two persons. The one securing the second greatest number of votes would be Vice-President. In case of a tie, the Senate would elect.

This cumbersome plan was retained, and at the third Presidential election it brought about the prolonged, perilous, and scandalous tie between Jefferson and Aaron Burr in 1800. Then the Twelfth Amendment directed the elector to vote for one definite person for

President and another for Vice-President, with the proviso that in case no one had a majority the House would choose one of the three highest on the list.

The provisions making the executive one person and allowing his re-election would probably have never succeeded if Washington had not been alive and available. Nearly everybody felt that he was incapable of tyranny or self-aggrandizement. Yet Washington lost many friends by his defense of the new Constitution. The chief fear of those who opposed the Constitution was that the President might become a king. Re-eligibility caused the most alarm. Later the Anti-Federalists tried to carry an amendment forbidding the re-election of a President. Patrick Henry opposed re-eligibility because "It squints toward monarchy." Thomas Jefferson at that time wrote to Madison: "The first magistrate will always *be* re-elected, if he *may* be re-elected. He is then an officer for life." He wrote to Adams that the President, "once in office and possessing the military force of the Union, would not be easily dethroned."

Washington, who did not want to be or expect to be the President, opposed this view, and added: "When a people shall have become incapable of governing themselves and fit for a master, it is of little consequence from what quarter he comes."

The embargo against a third term dates from Washington's day, and seems to be a basic principle of American thought.

Everybody in the country except Washington seemed to assume that he would be the first President. The election found him in one of his chronic states of being short of cash. He had to borrow five hundred pounds to pay his debts and his expenses, so that he could get to New York for the inauguration. When that was delayed, he likened it to "a reprieve."

His experience with the Presidency should serve as an everlasting warning to any one who dreams of a third term. He could not check the division of the country into two political parties. He kept the leaders of both in his Cabinet, and spent a vast amount of wisdom and strength in preventing Hamilton and Jefferson from tearing each other to shreds in his presence.

He was so unhappy that he wrote Madison he would rather "take his spade in hand and work for his bread, than remain in his present situation."

Jefferson describes Washington's longing to retire as early as February, 1791—two years after his inauguration. He gave as his reasons:

"That were he to continue longer, it might give room to say, that having tasted the sweets of office, he could not do without them; that he really felt himself growing old, his bodily health less firm, his memory, always bad, becoming worse. . . ."

The next year he was definitely determined to retire. If he did not, "he feared it would be said his former professions of retirement had been mere affectation, and that he was like other men, when once in office he could not quit it. . . ."

After his inauguration, he resisted for three weeks the efforts to introduce formal receptions, but finally consented. At the first levee, as he entered, his aide, Humphreys, called in a loud voice, "The President of the United States!" This so disconcerted Washington that when the company was gone he rounded on Humphreys with, "Well, you have taken me in once, but by God you shall never take me in a second time."

Yet on account of such formalities he was denounced for "aping monarchy." He solemnly resolved to go back to Mount Vernon.

In May, 1792, he asked Madison to prepare for him the sketch of a Farewell Address. Madison tried to persuade him to accept a second term. But Washington still insisted. The rumor of his retirement caused general alarm. Hamilton, Edmund Randolph, Gouverneur Morris, and Jefferson were among those who appealed to him most fervently. Meekly he protested that he "could not persuade himself that his continuance in public life could be of so much necessity or importance," but he was overpowered. With the sigh of a homesick farmer, he put the Farewell Address away in camphor.

Yet with the second term all deference for him ended abruptly. He was accused of wanting to be king, of being sold out to England. They ridiculed his coach and horses and his dignity. They picked on poor Martha, called her "Her Majesty." They actually accused him of embezzling funds from the public treasury for his private luxuries. Impeachment proceedings were openly proposed.

His critics revived from Revolutionary times some spurious letters, cheap and gross forgeries, in which it was pretended that he had accepted the post of commander in chief in order to sell out the Revolution to the

British. His denials were scoffed at. The familiar fables of his gross immorality were also fabricated at this time.

Yet he never dreamed of those first weapons of all tyrants: censorship and the prosecution of critics. Great praise is given to our institutions because, in the musical comedy I'd Rather Be Right, the President and the Supreme Court, the Cabinet members, and others in high places are impersonated and openly ridiculed by name, and nobody is shot. Even on the screen, Eddie Cantor in Ali-Baba Goes to Town makes great fun of the administration, and none of the censors snips.

These are indeed gratifying and glorious proofs that democracy still prevails in this country as in few others. But let us not forget that it was George Washington who established that precedent, as he did so many others, including the refusal of a third term.

During his second term the editors of the newspapers hostile to him spattered him with abuse and they saw to it that copies of their libelous sheets were mysteriously placed on his desk. One of his most scurrilous assailants was on the public pay rolls, and was supposed to be in the pay also of Jefferson, a member of his own Cabinet. But Washington never tried to suppress a newspaper or punish an editor or a pamphleteer.

The visit of the delegate from the French Revolutionists, Genêt, divided the nation into pro-French and pro-British, with factions so riotous that there was menace once more of civil war. For upholding neutrality, Washington was subjected to frenzies of denunciation. According to John Adams, mobs paraded in front of Washington's house, threatening to lynch him.

At this time a pasquinade was put before him, The Funeral of George W---n, King. It threatened him with the fate of Louis XVI. There was actually a picture of Washington on the steps of the guillotine!

Still he took no official action. He merely let his tremendous temper rage in private. According to Jefferson, "The President was much inflamed; got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself; ran on much on the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him; defied any man on earth to produce one single act of his since he had been in the Government, which was not done on the purest motives; . . . [affirmed] that *by God* he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made *Emperor of the world;* and yet that they were charging him with wanting to be a King."

The second term was one long inferno to Washington. He took his old Farewell Address out of hiding. He asked Hamilton to help him revise it, and thus set on foot a long controversy over the authorship, many inclining to give Hamilton all the glory for that great document. The whole riddle of the Farewell Address has recently been cleared up by Victor Hugo Paltsits, for whom the New York Public Library has published the drafts by Washington, Madison, and Hamilton, and many documents that prove finally Washington's authorship, with Madison and Hamilton acting merely as advisers.

WHEN the Farewell Address was given to the public, it smote most of the people as the departure of a saintly father. In general the public poured out its love, its gratitude, in addresses, editorials, resolutions by legislatures, and in private letters.

But the Anti-Federalists and others who disliked Washington kept only a brief spell of silence, then began to sneer at him, his document, and his "reign." His military career was ridiculed. He was accused of tyranny over the Senate. He was denounced for his white servants in livery, and for the fact that, twenty years after the Declaration of Independence, he still owned five hundred slaves. He was called an "Eastern pasha."

As he had foreseen, it was charged that he had issued the Farewell Address only after he had canvassed the nation and found out that he stood no chance for reelection. With typical modesty he wrote:

"No inconvenience will result from my retreat to the walks of private life. . . . The good sense of my Countrymen will always discern, and can never be at a loss to choose, a fit character to Administer the Executive Government of the United States."

He proved his wisdom by proclaiming that he was not indispensable. It is only when a leader comes to believe himself necessary, and persuades the people to the same opinion, that a dictatorship is possible.

His retirement to Mount Vernon was not the end of his troubles. His successor, John Adams, never encountered the problem of a third term, for he never got to second base. There was so much turmoil inside the Federalist Party that it looked as if Adams would be impeached. Federal politicians cast about for a candidate sure to defeat him. The one person they could trust was Washington. They agreed to drag him off his farm.

Alexander Hamilton slyly proposed that Washington should make a tour of the country, "under some pretense of health &c," and thus "revive enthusiasm for your person which might be turned into the right channel."

But, as Martin Van Buren wrote, Washington "placed the objectionable character of the course recommended to him in a striking light by showing that his health never having been better, he would be obliged to commence his journey with the propagation of a falsehood."

THE determination to draft him was not weakened. On December 9, 1799, Gouverneur Morris sent him an ardent plea that he come forth for the third time:

"Should you decline, no man will be chosen, whom you would wish to see in that high office. . . . From envy and slander no retreat is safe but the grave, and you must not yet hide yourself behind that bulwark."

But that was just what Washington did. The letter apparently reached Mount Vernon too late for Washington to read it. It was found among his papers, but endorsed and dated in another hand than his. On December 13 he was taken ill. On December 14 he was dead.

The Federalists were not unjustified in their feeling that he alone could have led them to victory. It may well be doubted that even he could have accomplished that miracle. He would probably have ended his career with a disastrous defeat.

There is something in the American nature that tires of every leader after a while. The phrase for it is, "The Presidential honeymoon is soon over." A new candidate is hailed with public affection, but he is quickly depopularized. He may regain the fickle favor in time for a re-election, and the second term may begin with a second honeymoon. Yet, as Dr. Norman J. Small points out in his thesis on Some Presidential Interpretations of the Presidency (Johns Hopkins University Studies): "The electorate has been unwilling to sustain our prominent Executives for periods in excess of six years and has invariably sought relaxation from the driving force of their leadership."

Next year Franklin D. Roosevelt passes that sixth milepost which, Dr. Small says, seems to mark the limit of the tolerance of the American people for a President. Yet the third-term rumor spreads and grows, and no comment issues from the President. His mother said some time ago that he would never try for a third term; but to mothers it must always be a wonder why their sons ever try for a second, or even a first. But men do.

At all events, the past is the best basis for a prophecy of the future, and the embargo against a third term seems to have become a basic principle in American thought. As for President Roosevelt, we may well believe that his reasons for not speaking out now and denying any intention of seeking a third election are the same as Thomas Jefferson's when he delayed for a whole year his answer to the Vermont legislature. We may well believe that at the appropriate moment, having held his party in hand as long as possible, he will give the same answer:

"That I should lay down my charge at a proper season is as much a duty as to have borne it faithfully."

There seems little danger of any serious attempt at a genuine dictatorship in this country; but even the least step in that direction would be fraught with evil consequences. Drummond, the poet of the French Canadians, said an indisputable thing wittily when he wrote: "You can't get drowned in Lake St. Pierre so long as you stay on shore." And so long as we never consent to a third term we shall be in no danger of a fourth.

THE END

The Private Life of BOBBY BREEN

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME

3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A FEW weeks ago a man from Hollywood sought out Oscar Straus of Vienna, the world-famous composer of such successes as The Chocolate Soldier and The Last Waltz.

"We want you to come to America," said the man from Hollywood. "We want you to write the music for a new film for one of our brightest musical-genius stars."

He mentioned a sum of money that made the composer blink and ask, "Who is worth spending that much money on? Is it a man or a woman star?"

"Neither," said the man from Hollywood. "It's a boy—a ten-year-old boy. It's Bobby Breen."

So Straus came to America to write the music for a screen play; which is one of the minor miracles with which the life of the boy singer has been studded. Today his astonishing success story outshines any in Hollywood.

Sally Breen, pretty sister of Bobby, who carved his career.

The boy is like a strong drink to movie and radio audiences. Few, it seems, can take him or leave him alone. Most people are either his ardent fans or active dislikers. Which is one way of saying that whatever you think of Bobby Breen—it has nothing to do with the story.

Life began for Bobby in a dingy, smelly, crowded room in a Toronto slum. His father, Hyman Borsuk, a Russian emigrant, was a garment cutter who was usually too sick to work. The family slept, ate, and cooked in that one little room. Money was scarce; often there was no food.

The first two of Rebecca and Hyman Borsuk's children had married before Bobby was born. Rebecca was ill after her youngest child's birth, and Sally, who was eight at the time, took complete charge of him.

Sally used to sing the baby to sleep. The neighbors said she was "a fine little singer." As Bobby grew older, he began to sing too.

One day Sally became the heroine of the family. She brought home seven dollars—the second prize in a local theater's amateur contest.

After that she entered many contests. She never failed to win second or third prize. She never won first. That, she noticed, always went to some tiny boy or girl who sang.

That's why, one night when Bobby was scarce more than a baby, she put him in a contest. He took first prize. The audience cheered him, stamped, whistled. People wept.

That was the beginning of Bobby Breen's career. Sally and Bobby entered all the contests they could find. Bobby always won first prize, Sally second or third.

When she was sixteen, Sally got a job as a chorus girl in a musical show. She had always wanted to become an actress. Here was her chance. But lately her ambition had changed. She wanted nothing for herself now. Her dreams were all for her brother.

She stayed with the show until she had enough money to take Bobby to Chicago, where he got several jobs singing in theaters. Sally sent him to school, washed and cooked for him, slaved and saved. Her goal was Hollywood, but New York was the next step on the way.

Things went well for a time after they reached the Eastern city. Bobby had a successful engagement in a big theater, then a part in a show of Harry Richman's. But the show opened, turned over, and died. And after that there was a long black period of want and despair. Sally tried to get work but couldn't. She half-starved herself, wore herself thin making the rounds of agents. But she kept Bobby in school.

There came a day when the two Breens were stranded—with barely enough money for food and a rent bill leering at them. Sally was ill. Her dreams were ended.

Then a woman in their boarding-house turned the tide. She invited them to have dinner with some friends of hers. Bobby sang, and one of the group phoned a British moving-picture producer. The boy sang for the Englishman—and that was the end of sorrow.

His "miracle voice" made him world-famous at ten.

A few days later the Breens went to Hollywood. Sol Lesser gave Bobby a contract, and his career in pictures began. Later Eddie Cantor asked him to sing on his radio program.

Bobby is now making his third picture—the one for which the world-famous Straus was engaged to write the music. He has made a personal-appearance tour of the United States. He is known all over the world.

Hyman and Rebecca Borsuk are now in Hollywood in a pretty bungalow. And there's no illness; and little work; and there'll never be hunger again, nor despair.

So the story rests for the time being, with dreams come true and all prayers answered. And if it's more the story of Sally than of her brother and his miracle voice—what difference does it make?

THE END

The strange story of—whether you like him or not—a remarkable small boy

Why I am *still* Investigating

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Mrs. McLean began this, her own story, in Liberty last week with a demonstration of utter frankness. She is quite aware that her costly attempt to recover the kidnaped Lindbergh baby left a widespread impression of her as a "foolish, meddlesome publicity seeker." It is in justice to herself and her children that she is now at last revealing why she acted as she did. Her first revelation was this: "My dealings with Gaston B. Means had the thorough approval and consent of Colonel Lindbergh." She added that she still believes, for reasons to be given in this story, that Means, although he swindled her, did have guilty knowledge of the Lindbergh kidnaping.

At the time of it, Mrs. McLean did not know the Lindberghs. But she had been "thrilled as a girl" by the Lone Eagle's transatlantic flight; her father and Mrs. Lindbergh's had been friends; and then her own first-born child, Vinson Walsh McLean, had once occupied the Lindbergh child's unenviable position, that of "most famous baby in the world." Above all, Mrs. McLean well knew what anguish a kidnaped baby's mother must be suffering. For, as she told in detail, her own children, beginning with Vinson, had for years been targets of kidnapers' threats. At least one terrifying attempt had been made to snatch Vinson from his guarded nursery.

Naturally, when on the morning of March 2, 1932, the news of the crime at Hopewell reached Mrs. McLean, she was stirred to the depths of her being. She wanted to do something, anything, to help. After hours of anxious thought it occurred to her that the one man who might be of real use was the notorious Gaston Bullock Means.

Her first move was to reach for a phone and call the White House.

PART TWO—ENTER GASTON MEANS; EXIT $100,000

WHEN I got my connection with the White House, I asked to be put through to Ike Hoover, the chief usher there for many years, and a friend of long standing. Ike knew just about everything that went on in Washington; but when I asked him, without telling him why, where Gaston Means was and what his telephone number was, Ike said he didn't know. He said that if he could find out on the q. t. he'd call me back.

Ike didn't call back. The next day I thought of my friend May Dixon Thacker, the writer, and an authority on the strange career of Gaston Means. I reached Mrs. Thacker by telephone in Norfolk, Virginia. She informed me that Means was living right in Chevy Chase, and she gave me his unlisted telephone number.

Mrs. Thacker didn't know, of course, why I wanted to get in touch with Means, but she warned me to be very careful in any dealings I had with him. I appreciated the warning, although it was unnecessary, because I knew all about Means' background. I knew that, after a checkered career during which he had been accused of murdering Mrs. Maude King, a woman from whom he had stolen a great deal of money while acting as her financial adviser and mentor, he had shown up in Washington and quickly become the mystery man of the capital.

I had heard he had done a great deal of dirty work for the so-called Ohio Gang, and I knew he had wound up in the federal penitentiary in Atlanta on a prohibition charge. Upon his release he had written a sensational book, The Strange Death of President Harding, hoaxing Mrs. Thacker into collaborating with him. The book was one great tissue of lies, and Mrs. Thacker was later to repudiate it in an article in Liberty.

Means was not, as a matter of fact, a stranger to me personally. I had met him on one previous occasion. Several years before, a group of men high in the Harding administration had been at my home for dinner, and one of them had said that the group was anxious to lay hands on some important papers that William J. Burns, then Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, had promised to obtain for them. Burns was out of town and out of reach at the moment, but

I had instructed her to blaze away if she saw me going out the door with Means. I just wouldn't put anything past him.

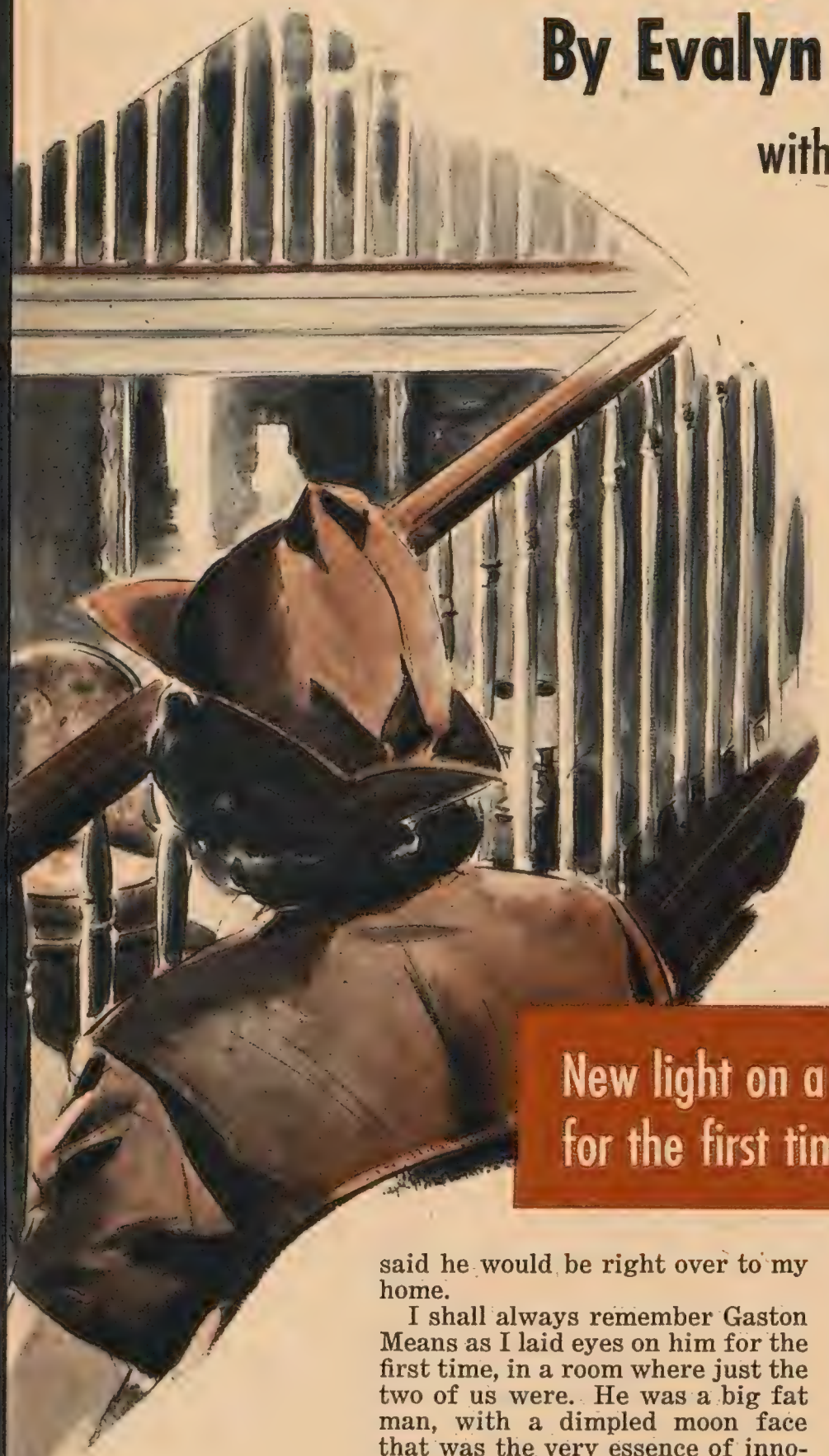
these men had reason to believe that Gaston Means, who was close to Burns then, had obtained the documents for him.

For reasons of their own, none of my guests wished to contact Means directly. Strangely enough, they were in mortal fear of him. But the matter of the papers was urgent, they said. So I agreed to call him. I told him over the phone what I wanted and whom I wanted it for. He

The Lindbergh Case

By Evalyn Walsh McLean

with Alan Hynd



New light on a famous crime! The amazing story, now told for the first time, of a hazardous, heartbreaking adventure

said he would be right over to my home.

I shall always remember Gaston Means as I laid eyes on him for the first time, in a room where just the two of us were. He was a big fat man, with a dimpled moon face that was the very essence of innocence, with the exception of his indescribably evil eyes. He smilingly gave me an envelope containing the documents, and dropped into a chair, apparently prepared to stay awhile.

It didn't take me long to catch on to his game. I was on friendly terms with the national administration from President Harding down, the President and Mrs. Harding being frequent guests in my home, and Means figured that it would be worth his while to cultivate me if possible. At the time it was an open secret that Means had had a bitter quarrel with Attorney General Harry Daugherty and was out to "get" him. Mr. Daugherty was a friend of mine, a fact of which Means was aware, and so he suddenly leaned forward and said:

"Mrs. McLean, do you know something? I could easily forget about my investigation into the Attorney General's office and concentrate on Andrew Mellon instead."

I asked him what he meant.

"Why, I have enough on Mellon and his aluminum trust to hang him. Just say the word and I'll get him."

"Means," I said, "Mr. Mellon happens to be a good friend of mine, and I don't believe a word you say about him. For goodness' sake, leave that man alone!"

Means just sat there looking at me, not knowing exactly what to say. I could tell that he felt like biting his tongue for what he had already said. I relate this incident to show you what a scoundrel the man really was. He didn't care what he did or whom he harmed, if he thought that what he was doing was going to promote the welfare of Gaston Means.

"This talk with you," I said at length, "has been most interesting, Means." You may think me foolish for what I said next, but I said it: "I have always been curious to know what it would be like to meet a so-called murderer. And now I know."

He looked sharply at me. "Just what do you mean?"

"I think you know what I mean."

"Oh, about Maude King." He shrugged his shoulders and smiled until his dimples became very deep. "Accidents will happen," he said, looking at the ceiling.

When Means left, I turned over the envelope he had given me to one of the group of men of national prominence who had, all the time he was there, been hiding in an adjoining room in dead silence! Then I went upstairs, called Decatur 2, Mr. Mellon's private phone number, and told him exactly what Means had told me.

"I'm glad to know that, Evalyn," said the Secretary of the Treasury. "That man has been loitering about my office for several days now, trying to see me about something that has up until now been a mystery to me. Now I'll make certain not to see him."

So you see that, before my dealings with Means began, I knew a great deal about him. My critics have said I was a most gullible person to have had anything to do with such an individual. My point was that it takes a crook to catch a crook, and that Means was one singularly fitted for what I had in mind.

Means answered the phone himself when I called him about six thirty o'clock the night of Friday, March 4. He agreed to come at eight o'clock to the house at 2020 Massachusetts Avenue, where I was then living.

You might laugh at me for the precautions I took before Means came that night. There was a balcony that overlooked the drawing room where I would receive him. So I phoned to a true friend of mine—Miss Elizabeth Poe, a writer on the Washington Post—and arranged to have her sit on the balcony, where she could see but not be seen. I knew it was an old underworld trick for some one with a gun in his pocket to whisper to a victim that he would shoot unless the victim walked off with him as if nothing out of the way were happening.

So I gave Miss Poe a pistol and instructed her to blaze

away if she saw me going out the door with Means. As I say, you might laugh; but I just wouldn't put anything past Means. You will understand later on in this narrative that my fears that I might meet with violence at Means' hands were far from unfounded.

And so Gaston Bullock Means, the Genius of Evil, stood in the drawing room of my home at eight o'clock that night, seventy-two hours after the Lindbergh baby had been stolen. I despised the very sight of Means as I looked at that dimpled face of his and those crafty eyes.

"Means," I said without preliminaries, "do you know anything about the Lindbergh kidnaping?"

Means dropped into a chair and looked levelly at me. "Yes," he said, "it so happens that I do. Why?"

I told him of my deep sympathy for Mrs. Lindbergh, and said that I wanted to aid, if possible, in effecting the return of the baby.

"First let me ask you something," he said. "Why did you call the White House about me?"

How Means ever found out that I had phoned Ike Hoover is beyond me to this day, for Ike told me later that he had had no occasion to mention my call to a living soul.

I ignored the question, "Means," I pursued, "just what do you know about the Lindbergh kidnaping? And before you begin, I warn you not to lie to me. Any funny business, and I'll try to send you to prison."

Means had a way of looking hurt, and he looked hurt now. "I don't blame you, Mrs. McLean," he said, "for not believing me on a stack of Bibles. God above knows that I have committed just about every sin there is. I won't be believed now because of the tissue of lies that my life has been so far.

"You see, I happened to be in a New York speakeasy about ten days ago. I keep up my contacts with the underworld, and in the speakeasy I met an old friend of mine—a man I served with in Atlanta."

The rascal went on to tell me that this man had invited him to act as ransom negotiator in a big kidnaping that was to be perpetrated about March 1.

"But I replied," Means went on, "that I wouldn't touch a naping. That's one crime that I have never gone in for. I have a boy of my own, you see, and, as strange as it may seem to you, Mrs. McLean, I would do anything in the world for that boy. That's why I'm so anxious to be of service now. Why, the children that my son tries to associate with all say, 'There's Gaston Means' kid; let's play with somebody else.' I don't want my son to go through life having people point at him as the son of a notorious man. I would welcome the opportunity to do something that would partially atone for my past."

HE then said that the moment he had heard the first radio bulletin of the Lindbergh kidnaping, he had realized this was the crime of which his criminal acquaintance had spoken. He said he had contacted two or three prominent Washington men—among them Colonel Robert Guggenheim—with a view to seeing Colonel Lindbergh and being delegated ransom negotiator, and that Colonel Guggenheim had been impressed by his story. I later ascertained that this was quite true. So Means wasn't making up a story on the spur of the moment for the purpose of shaking me down.

"But, Means," I said, "you haven't fallen out with the gang so that you couldn't re-establish relations?"

"Well, not exactly," he said. "I guess I could contact this particular man again if I wanted to."

You must understand at this point why the Means story could possibly have been true. If you knew about Means as I did, and how he had made it a lifelong business to cultivate contacts in every social stratum, and particularly to know all about any dirty work that was afoot, no matter where, you would realize that it wouldn't have been at all impossible for him to have had some knowledge of the kidnaping.

And let me make this clear again: I still think he did have some knowledge of the crime, and in due course I shall show you why I think so. I wish also to point out that in calling in an individual of Means' character I was doing nothing more than Colonel Lindbergh himself was doing, virtually at the same hour—namely, deciding to appeal to the underworld to get his child back. And I think I should at least be credited with getting, in Means, just about the best man in the business for what I had in mind.

Means said he felt the need of a drink, so I had a bottle of bourbon brought in. He went on talking, being careful to explain that if he did succeed in re-establishing contact with the member of the kidnap gang, and if the baby's safe return resulted, he would want definite assurance that his name would be kept out of the case.

"Catching those men would be the job of the police," he said. "If they ever suspected that I spilled any information about them, my life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel, and neither would yours, Mrs. McLean."

I said that if I obtained Colonel Lindbergh's permission to act, and if the situation looked promising, we would surely think of some way out of the protection problem. The main thing was to get the baby back.

I told Means he would be one of the big men of the country if he were responsible for playing a part in the return of the Lindbergh baby. He waved a fat hand unsteadily, because he had been punishing the bottle of bourbon. "Nothing doing," he said. "This is one job that Gaston Means doesn't want anything out of. I'm thinking of my boy and his future."

There was a pious expression on his face and deep sincerity in his voice—but still I mistrusted him.

THEN he brought up another point. "You mustn't breathe a word to your lawyers about this," he said. "Or anybody else, for that matter. But particularly your lawyers. Will you promise me that?"

It was a bitter pill to swallow. My lawyers had in the past helped me through many a desperate situation, and I had had in mind letting them know all about any participation of mine in the Lindbergh case. But you must understand that things were happening with incredible swiftness, that I was deeply touched, and that I now felt that the lawyers would probably advise me against any dealings with Gaston Means, no matter how good any Means proposition looked. And so, because of my deep desire to help get the Lindbergh baby back, because of my willingness to take a chance on anything that looked possible, and against my will and better judgment, I gave Gaston Means my word.

Means was a little unsteady on his feet when he left along toward midnight. Saturday morning he phoned and asked if he could come right over. When he arrived, he said that he had succeeded in contacting his criminal acquaintance, and that the man was interested in opening negotiations, and was coming to Washington within twenty-four hours. Means said that there would be one stipulation that the gang would make if they decided to deal with me: the baby would have to be turned over not to me but to a Catholic priest, whose religious restrictions would prevent him from bearing witness against the kidnapers.

Means asked me if I knew of such a priest. I immediately thought of Father Francis J. Hurney, pastor of a Washington church. I had met Father Hurney once, and I knew of him by reputation. He was a brilliant man, one who had come to Washington and made a poor struggling church into one of the most successful in the city—and he was young and strong.

I told Means I would try to have Father Hurney come to my home at eight o'clock that night. I informed him also that another man would be present—Captain Emory S. Land of the United States Navy, a relative and a good friend of Colonel Lindbergh.

"Frankly, Means," I said, "it is difficult for me to place any trust whatsoever in you, and I won't go ahead until these two gentlemen have listened to you and told me what they think."

Before he arrived that night I had a long talk with Father Hurney and Captain Land, who is the present chairman of the United States Maritime Commission. I swore them to secrecy, then told them what I had done so far. They were both anxious to hear Means. They knew something about him, and they agreed that it was possible that he was just the man for what I had in mind. You must remember that there was then no reason to

suppose that the Lindbergh baby was dead; that it was not until weeks later that a decomposed body was found and identified. There is still some doubt in my mind that the body found was actually the Lindbergh baby's and later in this narrative I shall reveal, for the first time, some hitherto secret facts and figures in support of my doubt—direct from the morgue where Lindbergh made the identification. The poor Colonel was probably so upset that he could have made a mistake.

Well, Means certainly put on a wonderful show that night for Father Hurney and Captain Land. He paced up and down the room in dramatic fashion, insisting that his one mission in life now was to atone for his past misdeeds for the sake of his son. He made frequent mention of the Deity, and the priest was touched. Captain Land—all his friends call him Jerry—still had an open mind. He said the Means story was certainly worth taking a chance on, and that he would be perfectly willing to leave at once for Hopewell and try to obtain Lindbergh's permission for Means to go ahead.

"When you go up there," said Means to Captain Land, "don't forget to tell the Colonel this, and then he'll be sure that I'm in contact with the real criminals. Tell him that the police have given out an erroneous description of the sleeping suit—a smart piece of business, but a wrong description nevertheless. My contact tells me that the suit the child wore when it was taken is nothing like the one the police are describing. Of course I understand why the police have done that; they want to prevent impostors from securing a duplicate suit and attempting to chisel in on the ransom."

As it turned out, Means was speaking the truth about the sleeping suit. You might say that because of his knowledge of police tactics he had guessed it. On the other hand, it occurs to me that Means positively knew what he was talking about, for had he been wrong the deal would have collapsed the minute Lindbergh heard the story. Not only that; Means was, more than once, to reveal to me things which, I am convinced, *only an individual with knowledge of the kidnaping could have known.*

On the night of Saturday, March 5, Washington was having one of its worst blizzards in years. But Captain Land set out for Hopewell after midnight, by automobile. He was to telephone his wife after he arrived. If Lindbergh approved, Captain Land was to say to his wife: "The luncheon was fine." If Lindbergh didn't, Jerry was to phone that the luncheon was off.

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Several times during Sunday morning Means telephoned me and asked if there was news from Captain Land. It was not until early Sunday afternoon that the news did come through. Jerry phoned Mrs. Land that the luncheon was fine, and that he was starting back.

Means came over with his wife. "Mrs. McLean," he said, "one of the gang is in town—right now. He has been at the house, talking to me. The baby is not very far from Washington—but I'm having a little difficulty in proving to him that you can be trusted to do nothing to betray the gang."

I asked Means what I could do to prove my good faith. He said I could come with his wife and himself for a ride in his car, and stop at his home. He said the member of the gang was trailing him, and if the criminal saw Means with me it might tend to build up confidence.

Over a highball Means toyed with ideas as to where the child should be turned over. Finally he concluded that Far View, an unoccupied country place of mine at Bradley Hills, Maryland, might be ideal. We decided to drive out there.

Means, his wife, and I got into the Means car, driven by a colored chauffeur Means assured me could be trusted. We made a stop at his home so that the kidnaper, some place in hiding, could get a look at me; then we went on. Far View consists of some fifty acres of woodland and, what with the blizzard that was raging, the going was rough when we entered the driveway. Means' car got stuck, and we all had to get out and walk several hundred yards to the house. I had a cold at the time, and I knew that it was going to be a good deal worse after that tramp through the deep snow in thin-soled slippers.

MEANS spent considerable time exploring the stables and the house, and pronounced Far View the very place—if the kidnapers were willing. Then I phoned for my car, and dropped the Meanses off at Chevy Chase upon my return to Washington.

Just as I left Means he told me, as a sort of afterthought: "By the way, the kidnapers have jumped the ransom from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand." Well, whatever the price was, I was willing to pay it to get the baby back. (It might be noted here, incidentally, that even as Means was telling me that the ransom had been doubled, the writer of the ransom notes later sent to Lindbergh was planning the same boost in price! Perhaps you have an answer for that. I think I have.)

Captain Land returned late on the Sunday night.

"Evalyn," he said, "that place up there is a madhouse. It's almost impossible for any one to get in to see Slim. I had a lot of trouble because I refused to tell the police guards the nature of my business."

"But you did see the Colonel?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; I had a long talk with both Slim and his adviser, Colonel Henry Breckinridge. They both agreed that Means might be the very man to come up with the right answer. They were very impressed by that sleeping-suit information of his. In fact, both expressed high hopes that we might be able to get the baby back down here. Of course, as you know, they're trying anything that has a possibility."

"Then my going ahead with Means has the thorough approval of both Colonel Lindbergh and Colonel Breckinridge, Jerry?" I repeated, wanting to be certain.

"Absolutely. In fact, they are most anxious that you proceed without delay."

My next problem was to get—in secrecy—the hundred thousand dollars in cash. Means had said that the kidnapers would want old bills in denominations of five, ten, and twenty dollars. All night long I raked my mind trying to think whom I might turn to, to borrow the money on security. I didn't want to get it through regular banking channels unless I had to, because a loan of that kind might attract attention.

Finally, along about nine o'clock on the Monday morning, I thought of my good friend Charles G. Dawes, formerly Vice-President of the United States, and recently retired as Ambassador to Great Britain. Among other things, he was a big banker, and I knew he knew I would be good for the hundred thousand.

When I got him on the phone, I said:

"General, I'm in trouble and need your help. I wonder if you and Mrs. Dawes could come right over."

"Certainly, Evalyn," he said, in his delightfully brusque way. "I'm practically there."

The General was smoking that famous underslung pipe of his when he arrived with Mrs. Dawes. "What the hell is wrong now, Evalyn?" he demanded.

"General, I need one hundred thousand dollars right away," I said.

"What for?"

"It's a matter of life or death."

"I said *what for?* You must tell me all about that before I'll lend you a damned cent!"

"General, I'm very, very sorry, but what I need this money for is of vital importance but a great secret. I've given my word I wouldn't tell a living soul what it is for, and when this matter is all over and I explain it to you, you will understand. And I can tell you this: If you were in the position that I am in, you would lay out a hundred thousand dollars—gladly."

"Start talking sense, Evalyn! Do your lawyers know about this?"

"Unfortunately, I cannot tell them, either."

"Listen. You'll either tell me or your lawyers—or I won't touch this."

He took his pipe in his hand and shook it at me.

"You're being blackmailed!" he thundered. "That's it! You're being blackmailed! Go to your lawyers—go to the Department of Justice! Don't sit back and stand for blackmail!"

"But," I protested, "this is not blackmail, General."

"Are your children threatened with kidnaping?"

"Absolutely not."

"Then why can't you tell me what this is all about? You're a bad girl. That's what you are—a bad girl!"

When the General and Mrs. Dawes left, I phoned to another good friend of mine, the president of a Washington bank. When he arrived, I asked him if he could let me have one hundred thousand dollars that afternoon if I placed a mortgage on a certain Washington property I owned—and could cut the red tape and keep the matter secret. He finally agreed to do it. Late that afternoon, messengers came with bulky boxes of money.

THAT night at a bridge table in my home sat Father Hurney, Means, and myself. My butler—Tony Garfoni, a most trusted man who has been in our family's employ for forty years—would appear from time to time with cups of black coffee. Father Hurney would count a stack of the bills and then turn it over to Means for counting. When Means finished he would make a little notation in a black book, very solemn and businesslike, occasionally dropping a remark about how this money might save the life of an innocent baby.

Means said the kidnaper he had contacted was waiting for him to get the money so that he could see it. The arrangement was that Means was not to turn over one dollar of the ransom until the child was in Father Hurney's arms. Further, we were to know at all times where the money was, and were to see it on demand.

It was a chance, all right, letting Means go off with such an amount, but what else could I have done under the circumstances? Wasn't Lindbergh himself to give old eccentric Jafsie fifty thousand to throw over a cemetery wall on a dark night?

It took us just two and a half hours to finish counting the money. Then it was piled into a big pasteboard carton. And a few minutes after eleven o'clock that night—Monday, March 7, six nights after the crime—the front door closed behind Means and the hundred thousand dollars.

"Well," I said to Father Hurney, "we are certainly doing all we can."

"Yes," answered the priest. "And may God be with us!"

How, according to Means, did "the gang's" agent act when the money was shown him? Why was Mrs. McLean soon to pass a terrifying night in a seemingly haunted Far View? Let her tell you—to your amazement—in Liberty next week!

The brewers of *Schlitz* asked

an eminent adventurer and world traveler

to tell you . .

About a brown bottle

I was in Southern India to see that a reservoir got built. They had warned me about the heat. I had laughed at them —I was brought up on a Kansas farm!

I woke up at dawn that first morning. There was such peace, such beauty, such silence as is only to be found among the mountains of the tropics. "Ah," I said to myself, "This is going to be a perfect day — a completely perfect day!"

By the time I had dressed and finished breakfast, I had to crane my neck to see the sun. Then I had to close my eyes for ten minutes before the spots ceased to blind me. For this sun was made of molten copper. Like an angry cobra, it hissed at me with a tongue of fire.

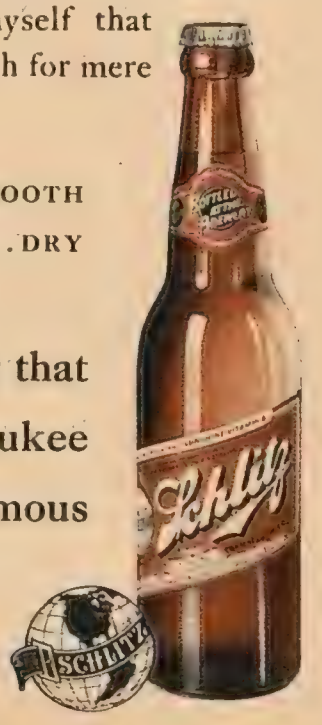
I went out in that sun. I was out in it for ten whole hours, making my first daily tour of inspection. There were hundreds of problems to settle with my native foremen. My tongue soon stuck to my palate; my voice became a whisper. My skin began to crack like the earth beneath my feet. And all the time, some invisible hand was holding a blowtorch against my brain.

Just before nightfall I returned, mumbling to myself that this was too much for mere human flesh and blood to bear, cursing the day I took this job. I vowed to send a cable that very night that I was coming home — that I was through — and if they thought I was a quitter, well, better a live quitter than a dead idiot.

And then my "boy" brought me a brown bottle. All day long he had kept that precious bottle standing under the tap of water that came from the mountains. I reached for that bottle with a hand that shook with exhaustion like the palsied fingers of the beggars in the village.

Then my lips felt the moisture. My body leaped at the coolness. With new hope, I settled back in my chair. The downright goodness of that grand old beer did more than quench the thirst. *Any* cold bottle of beer might have done that. But this was SCHLITZ! Its distinctive flavor, which I've never been able to find in any other beer, cheered me like a message from home. I knew now that my cable of resignation would never be sent. I had lived through the day, as I would live through all the other days necessary to see the job to an end.

For a moment I closed my eyes, and I blessed the name of that man in Milwaukee who had saved my life — the man who had brewed that bottle of SCHLITZ. And I said to myself as millions of other men must have said millions of times — "*No wonder* it made Milwaukee famous!"



SMOOTH

PALE . . . DRY

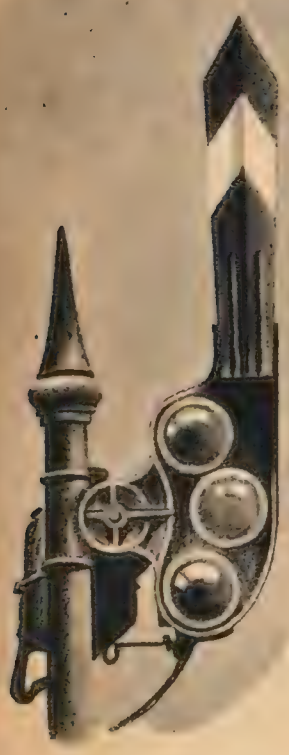
The Beer that made Milwaukee famous

Copyright 1938, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Taste *Schlitz* today!

. . . and you'll prefer Schlitz always

Let's Clear the Tracks



MOST people know that the American Railroads today are giving the finest railroad service in the world.

There are in this country now 781 passenger runs, totaling 46,242 miles, made at 60 miles per hour or over, with an unparalleled safety record.

Freight moves faster than ever before. Car shortages have become almost unknown. Freight schedules are the most dependable in history.

Yet the railroads today are confronted with a serious problem. What's the reason?

Is it "high rates"? Most emphatically not. The average revenue for hauling a ton of freight a mile has been less than a cent for the past six years—the lowest rates in the world for comparable service. And average revenues per passenger mile in 1937 were the lowest in history.

Is it "watered stock"? No—the amount of railroad stocks and bonds outstanding is less by billions of dollars than the investment in railroad property; and is less, in relation to investment, than it was thirty years ago, when railroads were at the peak of their prosperity.

Is it an increasing burden of debt? No—the total debt, in relation to investment, is also far less than it was thirty years ago.

Is it an increasing burden of interest charges? No—in relation to what they collect for their services, interest on bonded indebtedness is less than it was three decades ago, when the railroads were making money.

All right, then, what *is* the difficulty?

Simply this: like any individual, the railroads must keep expenses lower than income. But when their income is down—as it is now because of general business conditions—the railroads cannot trim sail in the way an individual or other businesses do.

They cannot shut down like a factory—because they are delivering a service vital to America.

They cannot adjust their rates or "prices" except by permission of public regulatory authorities.

They cannot adjust rates of pay and hours of work—the major element of their expense—except under the provisions of the Railway Labor Act.

Their earnings are limited, their expenses increased by local, state and federal laws—ranging from reduced rates on government traffic, in return for land grants to railroads whose pioneering opened up a wilderness, to the cost of rebuilding bridges when streams are "improved" to assist competing transportation.

So the net of the "problem" is this—the railroads are trying to do business under a half-century accumulation of laws, rulings and regulations which limit earnings and increase costs.

What they most need is a chance to go ahead under regulation and legislation modernized to meet conditions today, applied fairly and equally to all forms of transportation.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LOVE During BUSINESS

BY MARGARET E. Sangster

Is there hope for this young romance? An ill wind threatens a bride's fight for happiness

Alfred Kent snapped the string with nervous thumb and finger.

WHEN Janet Carraway becomes secretary to Mrs. Gillespie, president of Doodads, Inc., she is warned by Ellen, the Gillespie maid, that she had better watch her step with Paul, Leonora's son; his fiercely possessive mother will resent any interest she shows in him.

Janet is drawn toward the handsome and friendly young man, but she heeds the warning for the sake of her job. Often it is not easy to avoid him, as she and Mrs. Gillespie work in an office in the Gillespie penthouse and Paul, who helps with the business, is always about.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Everything goes smoothly, however, until one day, when Janet is alone in the office, Paul comes in and proposes to her. His mother overhears, and discharges the girl.

Paul, deeply in love with Janet, as she is with him, follows her home, and they marry at once. They have a delirious and luxurious honeymoon while Paul's money lasts, and then go back to Janet's one-room apartment until Paul, who has studied architecture, can get a job that will permit them to move to larger quarters.

But jobs are scarce, and before long, to keep the wolf from the door, Janet is working again —this time for Alfred Kent, who runs a one-man advertising agency. Paul is so jealous, and so bitter about Janet's being the wage earner, that she does not tell him that she has not informed Kent that she is married.

Then, one evening while she and Paul are having dinner, the truth comes out. Kent arrives with a bouquet of orchids for Janet, to celebrate the acquisition of a new account.

PART THREE—LEONORA PULLS THE STRINGS

JANET hurried forward.

"Oh, Mr. Kent!" she said foolishly. "I was just getting dinner."

"So I see," said Alfred Kent. He glanced from Janet to Paul and back again. "A company dinner, eh?"

Paul said slowly: "But I'm not company. I live here."

"Yes," Janet murmured. "This is my husband, Mr. Kent."

Alfred Kent snapped the string of the square white box with a nervous thumb and forefinger. He said, "Pleased to meet you, Carraway."

"The name's Gillespie," grated Paul. He smiled painfully. "My wife and I were just about to have supper. Won't you come in and have a bite with us, Mr.—Kent?"

Janet, standing between the two men, couldn't help

feeling that Paul was doing very well by himself. He looked older and more distinguished—despite the apron he was wearing—than he had ever looked before. She also realized that, for the first time since she had known him, Alfred Kent was at a loss for words.

He said now, in answer to Paul's invitation, "Why, thanks—but I can't. I've a dinner engagement. I just stopped by to bring your—your wife some orchids because we got a new account."

"A new account?" queried Paul.

Janet heard herself speaking. "I'm glad the Merrivale business went through," she murmured.

"So am I," said Alfred Kent briefly. He set the square box of orchids abruptly on the table. "Well, I've got to run along—see you in the morning, Miss Carraway." The door shut quietly on his retreating back.

There was a long silence in the little dingy room. Finally Paul said: "So that's why you didn't wear your wedding ring?" And Janet answered, "Yes."

There was another painful moment of silence. Janet shattered it explosively:

"Be sensible, Paul. I never would have been able to get the job if I'd admitted that I was married. Men don't want married women in their offices. Not usually."

"No?" queried Paul.

Janet found herself making excuses. "When you asked me," she said, "I never answered you directly—I mean about whether Mr. Kent knew I was married or not. I never lied to you, Paul—not really."

Paul walked over to the table and picked up the square white box. "No, I suppose you didn't," he said slowly. "Orchids, eh?" He removed the string and lifted the lid of the box and stared down at the four cool blossoms. "What price roses and red ink! I don't blame you, Janet, but—I'm sorry."

Janet was suddenly crying. "I'm sorry, too," she said. "I don't want the orchids—I never wanted orchids. . . . Alfred Kent doesn't even interest me, Paul. I don't ever want anybody or anything but you!"

"Then," said Paul, eying her strangely, "you'll give up your job in the morning? Won't you, Janet?"

"Yes," Janet told him; "I'll give it up if you want me to. . . . Let's eat our chicken, Paul—"

They sat down to the table just as if they hadn't met and passed a crisis. But, though the broiler was small, there was enough left over for hash the next day.

NOWADAYS Janet found herself reading the want ads as avidly as Paul read them—sometimes they even quarreled as to who should see the paper first. They hadn't saved anything during Janet's short period of employment—they hadn't been able to—and things were rather grim before the anniversary roses had entirely withered. It was only after a week had dragged by that Paul came home one night with unexpected money. He told Janet, without meeting her eyes, that he had met an old friend who had staked him. But when Janet asked for the time, later that evening, she saw that he glanced at the alarm clock instead of his wrist. In a few days Janet noticed that Paul's cuff links were missing—and then it was his cigarette case. But she made no comment.

It was a cold damp time of year, with a lot more rain than usual. Janet, tramping the streets, often felt herself shivering convulsively, and she developed a persistent little sniffle. The room wasn't warm, either. Once, after a frugal supper, she and Paul played their evening game of double solitaire with blankets wrapped around their knees. It was then that Paul spoke wistfully of the great fireplace in the penthouse.

"It held huge logs," he told Janet. "The heat used to creep out through the whole of the living room."

Janet said: "I wish you wouldn't mention *anything* about your mother's home, Paul. What if her fireplace does heat the whole room? Let her roast—and like it!"

Paul said: "It would go pretty good tonight—an open fire. Darling, let's call in and see mother."

"That's the best idea you've had for ages," Janet told him sarcastically.

Paul went on, heedless of the interruption: "It isn't as if we were going to ask a favor. We'd be doing the favor. The mater's lonely, Janet—she needs us more than we need her. Why, she said in her letter today—"

Janet asked, "Another letter?"

Paul rose abruptly and walked quietly over to the bureau and opened the top drawer and took out a tooled-leather box. He unlocked the box gravely—and displayed a goodly bundle of envelopes.

"Here they are," he said—"all of them."

Janet looked at the pile of letters that lay in the box. There must have been fifty. "My goodness!" she said. "Business must be bad if your mother has time to write that many."

Paul said, "On the contrary—business is good."

Janet said, "If business is so good, I should think there would have been quite a few checks in those letters. Not that we would have kept them, of course."

Paul hesitated. "Mother will give me anything if I come back to her, Janet, but she won't send me a thin dime so long as I stay away."

"How do you know?" asked Janet.

Paul queried, "How would I know?" After a moment he went on: "I can see the mater's point. If I have plenty of what it takes, I won't *ever* come home."

Janet asked, "She's starving you out—is that the gag? I suppose she'd even make a settlement on—on me?"

"Don't be silly!" Paul said sternly.

Janet coughed and got up from the table.

"I'm going to bed," she told Paul. "I've a nasty headache and my throat is sore. . . . I wish we had twin beds. I wouldn't want to give you a cold—"

Paul said, "I can make me up a pallet on the floor, if you'd rather," and Janet murmured, "I would rather—under the circumstances."

She coughed with a choking regularity all that night—she was listless and wan when Paul went out the next day to look for work. When he came home late in the afternoon, she was back in bed and her color was high and she didn't recognize him. So Paul called a doctor, who said in blasé tones that it was the sort of flu that came swiftly and sometimes developed into pneumonia.

"There's quite an epidemic in town right now," he told Paul. "Maybe your wife would be better off in the hospital. You can't take care of a sick woman here."

Paul said, "No, I'll fix things presently."

After the doctor had gone—tucking the Gillespies' last three one-dollar bills into his pocket—Paul sat beside Janet's bed and held her hand. The doctor had given her something—she seemed to be asleep. Paul sat there for almost an hour before he came to a resolution. It was with a lean blue line around his mouth that he called downstairs and asked the janitor's wife if she could manage to come up and sit with Janet while he was out doing an errand. When the stolid, shapeless woman had been ensconced in a chair, Paul shrugged into his coat and adjusted his hat at an angle almost jaunty enough to hide the pain in his eyes, and went out.

THE living room of the Gillespie penthouse was as dim and darkly curtained as usual, and the great fire of Paul's memory was roaring on the hearth. His mother's outflung arms and her sudden cry of "My boy, you've come back!" made him feel even warmer than the fire. Before he knew it he was sitting on the sofa beside her while the elderly maidservant beamed a welcome and poured pale amber sherry into a glass.

Leonora Gillespie was not one to ask questions unnecessarily. That was perhaps the main reason for her success as the founder and president of Doodads, Inc. She sat perfectly still while Paul gulped the sherry. She didn't ask about Janet. She merely said:

"You're thin, Paul; but it's not unbecoming to you."

Paul told her in a strangled voice, "You're looking well yourself, mother." It wasn't until the maid had left the room that he broke down.

"You've got to help me!" he said a little wildly. "You've got to, mother! I'm at the end of my rope."

Leonora Gillespie laid a hand—heavily ringed—upon her son's hand. She said, "I thought you would be, about now. Are you ready to be sensible?"

Paul said, "If you mean leave Janet—no."

"I thought that was why you hadn't answered my letters," said his mother. She hesitated. "I suppose,"

she said finally, "that your wife needs a new frock or—"

"She needs a room in a hospital," he interrupted a shade hysterically. "Janet's very ill. She has the flu."

Leonora Gillespie murmured: "Modern girls are always catching this and that. They go out in all kinds of weather in thin shoes. But they're surprisingly resilient. . . . Janet will probably—recover."

Paul said bitterly, "Janet's shoes are thin from walking the streets looking for a job. Mine are thin for the same reason."

"Well, what's the answer, Paul?"

Paul said, "There isn't any answer, mother, unless you'll give me money to take care of my wife. I won't leave her—no matter what."

Leonora Gillespie stared into the fire. She was seeing Paul as he had appeared during their last interview, when he had left home to marry her one-time secretary. He'd been so sure of his ability to do without a generous, indulgent mother. Janet had been cocky, too, during their final interview. . . . Well, Janet was now lying ill, and Paul was dejected, lost. . . . Suddenly Leonora Gillespie wanted her son back more than she had ever before wanted him—not on *any* terms, but on the terms of her own making.

"When you rushed away, Paul," she said slowly, "you accused me of being selfish. I'm going to prove that you're wrong about me. I'm not selfish, dear, not really. . . . I *won't* give you the money to send Janet to the hospital—" She waited to see the stark agony grow on Paul's face and felt a singing sense of power when, at her next words, it receded. "I'll have Janet brought here—to the penthouse—instead. Your wife can come home with you, Paul. Home—to stay!"

JANET opened her eyes and knew, with a sense of astonishment, that she was lying quietly in a wide bed with hemstitched linen sheets.

"Good grief," she thought, "I must be delirious!" And then for some unexplainable reason panic struck her, and she began to call aloud.

"Paul!" she called. "Oh, Paul, *where are you?*"

The voice that answered was not her husband's. It was a woman's voice, chill and more than a little dour.

"I'm sittin' with you," said the voice, "while your nurse takes her airin'. Mr. Paul ain't here."

Janet turned her head painfully upon the pillow.

"Who are you?" she asked, and then suddenly memory flooded her brain. "Why," she said, "you're Ellen, Mrs. Leonora Gillespie's maid!"

The dour voice cracked up into some semblance of warmth and cordiality. "You must be better or you wouldn't 'a' recognized me."

Janet said, "Of course I'm better."

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Solid comfort. A wholesome drink of cooling Pabst Blue Ribbon makes your leisure hour complete. Pabst is brewed for your enjoyment by brewers who for 94 years have been faithful to one tradition—*Quality.*

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GOOD TASTE FOR 94 YEARS

She tried to raise herself on an elbow, but the effort was a miserable failure. "Where am I, Ellen?" she asked.

Mrs. Gillespie's maid chuckled grimly. "You're home —in the guest room of the penthouse," she told Janet.

Janet succeeded this time in raising herself on an elbow. Sheer surprise lent her strength.

"How did I get here?" she wanted to know.

"The madam sent an ambulance for you—but that was five nights ago."

Janet pressed her finger tips to her throbbing temples. "Oh, Ellen," she half sobbed, "what's it all about, anyway?"

Ellen leaned forward until her face was very close to Janet's. Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"The missus," she said, "got a change of heart or something. Mr. Paul's the white woolly lamb again."

"What does that make me?" Janet wanted to know.

Ellen said slowly: "I'm darned if I know. That's for you to find out, Mrs."—she stumbled over the name—"*Mrs. Gillespie.* . . . Say, cheese it, here's your nurse."

Janet sank back on her pillow and was aware of a crisp rustle that was rapidly approaching the bed. She heard an alien voice say, "Thank you, Ellen. I'll take over now." And then—as Ellen clumped away—another face swam into the line of her vision. The face was as middle-aged as the maid's.

"OH," said the nurse, "you're awake, Mrs. Gillespie—how very nice! I'm Miss Barstow."

Janet spoke carefully: "It *is* nice to be awake, Miss Barstow. May I see my husband, please?"

"I'm sorry to say that Mr. Gillespie is out, but he'll be back any minute. And now"—Miss Barstow's tone became briskly professional—"we're going to try to get a little nourishment into you."

"I don't think I could eat anything," Janet said, and added, "Have I been very ill, Miss Barstow?"

"Oh, yes," replied the nurse. "You've been very ill indeed, but you'll be better before long."

"That's good," said Janet. And then she asked quietly, "When will I be well enough to go home?"

The nurse gave a little affected giggle. It was a fattish giggle. "But I've been given to understand that you *are* at home," said the nurse. "Mrs. Gillespie—your mother —told me that you and your husband are making your home *with her.*"

Janet was suddenly vehement. "My *mother-in-law,*" she said, "wasn't telling the truth. My husband and I have our own place. And as soon as I'm able to be moved—" She broke off, for—from somewhere in the middle distance—a door was opening quietly.

"Who is it?" she breathed, in complete apprehension. The fear of seeing Mrs. Gillespie was almost more than she could stomach just yet.

The nurse caroled brightly, "Who is it? she says—and she's been asking for you ever since she waked up, Mr. Gillespie!"

And then Paul came racing across the room and knelt beside Janet's bed.

"Oh, Jannie," he half sobbed. "Darling Jannie! It's so wonderful to see you with your eyes open."

"Paul dear, may I talk with you alone?" Janet asked. "*May I?*"

Paul seemed a trifle ill at ease. He pressed his lips to Janet's fingers and scrambled to his feet.

"That's for Miss Barstow to say," he told Janet; "she's the boss. . . . May I see my wife alone, Miss Barstow?"

The nurse giggled again. "*I'm* not the boss around here, but—well, I don't see that it will do any harm if you and your wife have a little weensy chat."

Janet waited until the rustle of Miss Barstow's crisp skirts had been blotted out by the sound of a closing door before she said anything else. It was only after a space of half a hundred heartbeats that she was able to gather together her forces.

"Paul," she said, "what does this all mean?"

Paul spoke rapidly. It was as if he were building up some sort of a defense.

"That night you were taken sick," he told Janet, "I was desperate and at the end of the road. Mother was all I had left, and so I—well, I called on her. . . . She came through magnificently. She sent for you. You had the swellest ambulance that I've ever seen, honey—all glass and chromium. You were brought up here and shut away from me, with a day nurse and a night nurse and a couple of high-powered doctors." He gulped. "It wasn't until yesterday that they were sure everything would be—all right. You had an especially lousy brand of flu. If it hadn't been for the mater you might have died."

"I doubt that," said Janet. "I'm tough."

Paul laughed fondly. He reached for his wife's hand and held it in his own and stroked it.

"Your fingers," he said, "are like little white satin claws. Tough, indeed!"

Janet felt that she was being talked out of something. She didn't quite know what the something was.

"Paul," she said, "did you make any bargain with your mother when you brought me here? Did you tell her you'd buy me a one-way ticket to Reno as soon as I was able to travel?"

Paul spoke hotly: "You have the craziest ideas in your head, Jannie! Of course I didn't promise any such thing. Mother's been a brick. She merely asked us—without reservation—to come home and stay. . . . This will be your room from now on. There's a door leading on to the terrace, so you can get plenty of fresh air."

"Yes," breathed Janet. She was very, very tired all at once. "Paul, what have you been doing since I was taken sick?"

Paul laughed a trifle huskily. "Nine tenths of the time," he told Janet, "I was sitting in front of your door waiting for you to show some signs of life. The other tenth, I was working out the details of my new job."

Although she was so tired by now that her head was going around in circles, Janet once more felt the desire to sit up straight in bed. She couldn't quite make it.

"Paul darling," she whispered, "how wonderful that you've found a job at last! Where is it? What are you going to do? Will you make enough money to—"

Paul's voice cut abruptly through her questions.

"I'm going to work for mother, Jannie," he explained. "She created a new position for me—I'm to be a sort of idea man de luxe for Doodads, Inc."

"Oh," said Janet. "An idea man."

Paul went on in a quiet voice: "I won't have to go down to the factory very much. I'll do most of my work here. I'll have a desk in mother's study."

Janet started to speak, but the words wouldn't come. While her jumbled thoughts struggled for utterance, the door of the room swept open and starched skirts came rustling across the floor. And as she closed her eyes she heard Miss Barstow saying: "You're a naughty boy, Mr. Gillespie. You've tired your wife out. You must remember that she isn't very strong as yet."

JANET was off the danger list quite soon. She turned the corner very quickly—she was a record patient. When she had been a mere week in the penthouse, she wanted to sit up in a chair; but the hovering nurses—day and night still—would not permit it.

"You're looking for trouble," Janet was told constantly. "You're weak, you know—you haven't any resistance. We've orders from Mrs. Gillespie. *She* says that you're to have every care and that you're not to rush through this business of getting well."

Janet didn't see her mother-in-law until she had been in the penthouse for ten dragging days. Then, one afternoon, her door opened and the proprietor of Doodads, Inc., walked slowly and majestically across the room. When she was halfway to the bed she began to smile—a pleasant impersonal smile.

"Well, Janet," she said, "they tell me you're getting along famously."

"Thanks to you, Mrs. Gillespie, I am."

Miss Barstow giggled in her foolish way. "Thanks to her indeed!" she said. "Your mother is a very, very forceful lady, my dear. . . . But I don't suppose you know anything about *that.*"

Janet answered carefully, "No, I don't." She turned

to Mrs. Gillespie. "I hate it—stealing your guest room. It isn't fair."

Mrs. Gillespie answered softly, "But it's not my guest room now, Janet. It's your own little nest."

Janet was baffled. She was searching blindly for words when Mrs. Gillespie reached toward her. Janet felt that the woman's hand was going to touch her, and she couldn't help shrinking from the strong, well manicured fingers. But Mrs. Gillespie only flecked an imaginary grain of dust from the linen sheet.

"Somebody's been smoking in here," she said. "How—careless."

"Your son was smoking—he only just left," the nurse said. "But I didn't dream that he'd sprinkled any ashes on the bed. I'm so sorry."

Mrs. Gillespie smiled with a finely drawn patience. "It's quite all right, Miss Barstow. But, really"—her smile wavered—"you mustn't let my son bother his wife—not when she's had such a hard time. Smoke might well upset her whole respiratory tract."

Janet spoke quickly: "Paul couldn't possibly bother me, and I like to have him smoke when he's with me."

From her magnificent height Mrs. Gillespie gazed down upon her daughter-in-law. "You're so young," she said, "and so thoughtless. Paul is young and thoughtless, too." She addressed Miss Barstow. "I've got to think for both of them, haven't I? They're both so young!"

Miss Barstow gurgled, "Yes, I suppose so—but youth *is* pleasant!" and Mrs. Gillespie murmured, "Oh, very!" and turned abruptly and made her way out of the room.

That was the only visit she paid Janet during a convalescence that lasted at least two weeks longer than it should have lasted; and after that brief call Paul Gillespie came less often to his wife's room. When he did come drifting in, there was a furtive air about him and he never even so much as opened his cigarette case.

JANET was sitting in a chair on the terrace, wrapped mummylike in a steamer rug, when she and Paul had their first showdown. She had been three weeks in her mother-in-law's home and felt practically well—although nobody allowed her to admit it.

"Darling," she said abruptly, "I can't be babied forever! I've got to begin to lead a normal life again. I can't sponge on your mother."

Paul laughed. "Fiddlesticks! Can't you learn to take it easy? I'm working like a dog every day—working for both of us. Men are wearing the family pants this season."

"You're working like a dog doing *what?*"

Paul laughed again, but this time his laughter had a slightly embarrassed ring.

"Yesterday," he said, "I designed a doll house for Doodads, Inc. Such a doll house you never saw, Jannie! Mother's putting in a line of toys for children."

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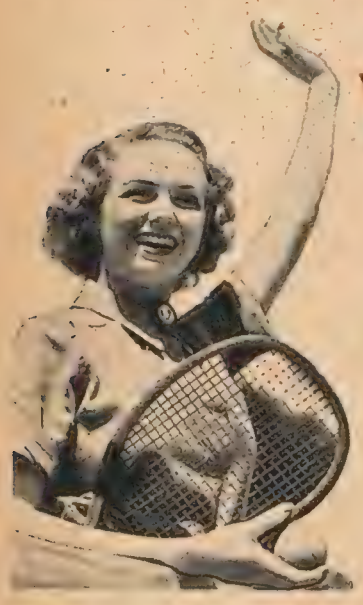

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Janet stared at him, her eyes cool and level.

"Paul," she said, "a doll house is a far cry from a real bungalow for real people, now isn't it?"

Paul agreed, "Sure it is." Suddenly he grew voluble and aggressive. "After all, nobody wanted my real houses, and if mother sells ten thousand doll houses, and I get a royalty on each one, it'll mount up."

"So it will." With an effort Janet kicked her feet free of the shrouding steamer rug. "Darling," she said, "when are you going to move in with me? It's lonely as all get out in the guest room."

Paul muttered, high color touching his cheekbones: "But I have my own room, dear. It's always been my room."

Janet said quietly: "In that case, maybe it would be a good idea if I moved in with you."

Paul hesitated for so long that Janet found herself wondering crazily if his vocal cords were paralyzed. Finally he spoke. "I'm afraid mother wouldn't like it," he said. He didn't amplify the statement.

All at once Janet, forgetting her recent illness, was on her feet.

"Do you mean to say," she asked Paul, "that your mother can censor where and how we sleep?"

"Well, no," said Paul; "but, after all, it's her home."

"Exactly," Janet agreed. "It's her home. And because it's her home a husband and wife must have separate rooms. . . . Darling, I'd like to go back. I'd like to go back to the one room where we lived before I was taken sick. I wouldn't mind the darkness and the poverty and all the rest of it. I'm strong again, Paul—I won't have any trouble getting a job."

PAUL asked, "Aren't you being just a trifle theatrical, Janet? We're sitting pretty right now. . . . Remember how hungry we were sometimes?"

Janet said irrelevantly, "I see that you've redeemed the things you pawned."

"Mother sent the tickets downtown with a money order. I'm glad to have my own junk back again."

Janet, for no reason, felt herself wincing.

"Possessions mean a lot to you, don't they, Paul? I wish you'd think of me as a possession."

Paul turned swiftly to her.

"You mean so much to me, Janet darling," he said. "You're the loveliest possession in the world!" . . . His voice broke. "When you were ill and I thought you were dying, I was ready to—to kill myself."

Janet spoke calmly. "Ready to kill yourself," she said. "And yet now, when I'm not dying, you won't make an issue of—of sleeping with me. Oh, Paul, don't you see how things are going?"

"No," said Paul; "no, I don't."

Janet explained. "Your mother," she said, "is a clever woman. She's cleverer than you are, Paul, and she's much cleverer than I am. A clever woman with a fixed idea is dangerous, darling. The fixed idea is to separate us, Paul. Can't you see?"

Paul spoke with sudden violence: "No, I can't! And I must say that I think you're being a little hysterical. Heaven knows, mother can't do any more than she's doing. . . . She's sharing her home with us."

"Oh, yes?" said Janet. "But I notice that I don't eat meals with the family—"

Paul recited as if he were repeating a well learned lesson: "You must have your breakfast in bed and your luncheon on a tray. . . . You've been ill, you know."

"As if I could forget it," murmured Janet. She went on slowly, "How about dinner?"

Paul said, "The mater has always eaten a very late dinner, and you know what the doctor told you about getting to bed early!"

"Of course I know what the doctor said," exploded Janet. "I'm not a nitwit! But I can't be sent to bed at five o'clock for an eternity. Sometime your mother's got to break down and let me come to the table, darling . . . that is, unless she plans to have me eat in the kitchen with Ellen and the cook—eventually."

THERE was a small crease between Paul's nicely marked eyebrows. He said:

"You're such a little sap, Jannie. You must have a rather dreadful inferiority complex."

"I wasn't born with an inferiority complex," said Janet, "but there's no telling what I'll have before I'm through. Paul, how many times have you and your mother been to the theater since we came here?"

"Six times," admitted Paul. "Mother loves the theater, you know. And I haven't seen many of the new shows—for obvious reasons."

"I haven't seen them, either," Janet told him. "You might have waited until I was up and around—then we could have gone together."

"After all," said Paul quickly, "I didn't have much choice. Mother bought the tickets."

Janet nodded her head slowly. "I thought so," she said. "Oh, Paul, *why are you so blind?*"

Paul strode to the end of the terrace and kicked savagely at the parapet, and strode back again.

"I don't know what you're getting at, Jannie," he said. "You're over my head—like a tent."

"This is what I'm getting at," said Janet. "I'm going to have lunch with you and your mother today, *or else*—"

She left the sentence unfinished.

Will Leonora at last succeed in ruining her son's marriage? Will Janet be compelled to abandon her gallant fight for love and happiness? Drama and malicious intrigue crowd next week's chapter of this arresting novel, and the story crashes to a surprising finale.

They Said He Had No FIGHT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

A stirring chronicle of sport—How Don Budge fought his way to the heights of tennis fame

BY DICK WILLIAMS

THE shadows of an English evening crept over historic Wimbledon. Baron Gottfried von Cramm, the impeccable tennis stylist from the Rhineland, blazed a placement shot into the left-hand corner of Donald Budge's territory, and America's chances of winning back the Davis Cup in 1937 seemed to fade with the day.

That shot made Von Cramm two up in games. He had two; Budge had none. Up in the stands even the staid British had given way to their emotions. They were seeing the greatest tennis ever played in a Davis Cup match and they knew it. They had come to cheer the great Von Cramm. Now they were on their feet, pleading with the red-haired American to overcome that seemingly impossible lead.

The pair changed courts to begin the third set. Captain Pate of the American team met Budge at the net.

"Keep fighting, Don," he said. "You're doing your best."

Said Budge, half grinning, "Don't worry—I've got him now."

In all that great assembly of people, only one man had the courage to say that Don Budge could win this match, and that man was Don Budge. And he was the only one in that great crowd who was right. For Don Budge, in the most astounding demonstration of courage, speed, stamina, and fighting spirit, came back to win that match and regain the Davis Cup for the United States after a dozen fruitless years.

There you have the picture of Don Budge, the No. 1 man of world tennis. There you have the reason why he is the most popular tennis player since Tilden.

You have to have everything to be a great sports figure—poise, speed, strength, stamina, judgment, and fighting heart, and the greatest of these is fighting heart. When you have the heart of a Budge, you can't help but have color, and color is the element that sets you apart from the rest, that gives you that extra something that fills the grandstands when you appear and causes kids to follow you in the street and grown-ups to turn kid again and join the parade.

The United States was without a tennis leader after Tilden slipped, back in 1927. Players came and players went, but there was none with the determination and stamina and courage of Tilden. Nobody cared much whether we competed for the Davis Cup or not, so hopeless did it all seem. The youngsters in the schools were forgetting the game.

Then, out of a veil of vague promise, came the new and complete Budge. Just turned twenty-two in June, 1937, he'd been a promising youngster with a weak forehand and a shortage of competitive fire. Experts agreed that he'd never be good enough to take the place of a Tilden, a McLoughlin, a Williams, or even a Vines.

What happened a year ago in the Davis Cup matches at Wimbledon and in our Nationals at Forest Hills, scarcely needs repeating. Budge won them all, to be sure, and in winning he took rank with the greatest tennis players of all time. He did it by combining an unquenchable fighting flame with his generous physical gifts.

He is a strange champion, this Budge. Off the courts he is utterly different from the Budge of action. Awkward, bashful, boyishly polite and eager to please and inherently modest to a degree, he is the antithesis of the whirlwind of the chalked sward.

Budge began his tennis on the Oakland public lots. His brother, Floyd, was a local champion. At twelve years of age Don was regarded as the best kid basketball player in Oakland schools. He was wiry and strong and he was a fighter who didn't know when he was beaten. But brother Floyd wanted a real tennis champion in the family and began coaching Don.

With a natural flair for timing and pace, Don quickly won the Boys' Public Court championships, and then, as brother Floyd went down to Berkeley to become the University of California's champion and later coach at St. Mary's College, Don proceeded to win the California junior title and, two years later, the state championship.

When first he appeared in the East he was an obvious disappointment. The experts appraised his shy but friendly manner, considered his slow, deliberate movements, and decided he wouldn't do. No fight, they said.

Moreover, when he started to play, his defective forehand came out. His backhand, service, and overhead games seemed natural. He'd always had them. But his forehand was negligible and there were no signs that he would develop it. Nothing could have been less accurate. They had overlooked the infinite pains he took with every stroke he played in practice and the thorough study he made of the games of Perry, Austin, Allison, and the other ranking stars of the day.

He is convinced that he is the tennis player of destiny; greater even than Tilden. He would never admit such conceit; would be frightened to realize it. But those who know him, who have watched his play and followed his growth in poise and assurance, know it is true. And why not? Tilden was twenty-seven before he was good enough to win his first championship. At twenty-three Budge already stands head and shoulders above the rest of the tennis world.

THE END

Redheaded tennis king Don Budge. Eastern experts took a look, said he wouldn't do.

Then, "Oh"—gasp—"George!" Mary saw him flush, and hold her hand too long.

Searching, human . . . a story for husbands and

Kiss and Tell LADY

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

MARY HARPER leaned toward the center of three mirrors, taking stock. As faces went, hers would do, she realized. Not the sort perhaps to start a fleet, or a fire in the back streets of Troy; but men still looked at her estimatingly, and when they had a few too many cocktails they took it into their heads that she was pretty glamorous.

Judiciously she used lipstick, having been born in those years when the artificial was something to hide, not flaunt. Just an old-fashioned one-tracked wife, with a husband who'd broken his air brakes or something and was skidding downhill.

She heard his shaving symphony; hot water turned on, cabinet over the washstand being opened. . . . He was using toilet water, bless his boyish heart! Getting himself all ready for love!

Lots of stories were written about her problem—she'd read perhaps a hundred—and in most of these stories a straying husband was corralled, hog-tied, and branded again by discovering new qualities in dear old steady.

Those stories, she decided, were written by old maids who hadn't made a real study of men who had been tethered for ten years. Ten years married, and they couldn't see anything but the size of the gas bill. You couldn't pull a new line, for they knew *you.*

She struggled into her dress—red, wicked-looking, and good enough—thinking grimly, If it were true, if you could get them back by cheating, lying, pretending you were some one else—I wouldn't do it.

Heavens, how that toilet water smelled! He must be diving in it! If he went down three times, I wouldn't pull him up! she thought; and then suddenly her big gray eyes brimmed, for she knew she would . . . even though he'd proved himself to be just another male who stampeded ladies who clung! Now she dealt with her hair—long, curling, and dusky dark. Mirror in hand, she saw it. A gray one—her first gray hair! Present from a husband! she decided as George came breezing in, collarless, pink of chin.

"Well!" he said heartily; but he looked over her head into the mirror.

She'd grown used to that—his peering over her shoulder at himself in whatever mirror she chose.

"All set?" he asked with an excited cheer that didn't cheer her.

Hate you and *shut up!* she thought, but her "Yes, George," was carefully ironed and without a betraying wrinkle. A month past she'd had to put a stick of dynamite under him to get him to go out. But that was before he'd met the lady too "beautifully fine" for life.

Where was her Oriental jewelry? She was going to deck like Cleopatra. Bet the baby has it somewhere! she decided, after futile search.

George was chatty. The guilty rarely turn to silence. "Children settled?" he asked blithely.

She answered, "Yes, George; all settled." What a tone! Sounded like a stage mother. Earrings. She'd put on earrings. She'd never dreamed how it would be. They could rewrite the marriage service: for the woman, "I take thee in sickness and in health, during infatuations, and as you are when you think you're getting a cold—"

All this in her mind, and the conviction that she was getting funny in the head.

George was fussing over his tie as if he were going to take it to Buckingham with him. Now—she turned to look at it; oh, it was beautiful! "Everything go all right today, dear?" George asked absently.

This was the third time he'd asked it. Each time she had said that everything had gone all right.

George was moving to the adjoining room. He called softly—he still occasionally recalled the fact that he had children: "I said—everything go all right today?"

She murmured, with conversational rise and fall in inflection: "Blubble, *blub*ble, blah, *blah!* Glub, glub, *glub.*"

"Well, that's good," he said, returning.

"Must have been," she answered. But suddenly her chin quivered and she set her teeth hard. She'd never, never, never been so miserable, she knew. She was one solid raw ache.

He was standing at the foot of his bed, staring at a scarf he'd dropped there. "Think I'll wear my other scarf," he said abstractedly.

She took off her wedding ring to hook it over a pin in the pincushion. She'd been that old-fashioned that she'd wanted a plain solid-gold wedding ring, she remembered. She got one that looked like tin all doodled up with orange

blossoms. And that Oriental jewelry he'd hung on her after Junior's debut—she'd wanted a new piece of fur to replace one on her coat that looked as if it had fought every other cat in the block.

If you were her type, Mary Harper decided, they gave you what they wanted to give you, and you took it and liked it.

George had returned to the next room to hunt the scarf that would make him even more radiantly beautiful. She heard him pulling out drawers, closing them.

Suddenly she was rarely serious for her. She wanted to say—and her want moved her pretty lips: "George, you think I'm jealous. Well, you never had a truer thought! But the thing that hurts me is having you made a fool by being fooled. This girl you've taken a nose dive for makes a cult of leaning on *any* male who's near. She's made a racket of wistful appeal, and it's all a lie. She has a high-paid position and she knows street numbers. But this works, and she knows it, and she's working you. I've respected you, and I hate to see you listen credulously to her tales of how men 'disappoint' her. Stroke a gentleman and you get kissed. And you, you big sap, call her fine because she's outraged by a man's kissing her after she's pawed him, mauled him for hours! Oh, you make me sick! There are millions like your girl, and all women know them and hate them and most men—George, most men love them—"

"Ready, dear?" he asked.

"Yes, George."

"Well, then, I suppose we might as well get along—"

BY KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

Very casual, no hurry, he was saying. And lying. He was still looking in the mirror.

She said leadenly, "I'll look at the children and be right down." And—in her mind, If you get into the car and honk for me I'll run you through with the ice pick!

My, she was tired! She tiptoed into the gray-lit room where three children slept. Three, all under eight. Noisy normally, now quiet and poignantly dear. She closed her eyes a minute. . . . Don't know just what to—do, she thought. . . . Some women would take off for Reno, she knew. But what about George when he got over it, as he would? If only—she swallowed hard and it hurt—Helen Worthington wouldn't have the appalling gall to tell her that she made George happy. She'd done it the last time they'd met—on that gasped indrawn breath, with that shrinking that made every male in the room run to rescue her from the radiator or whatever hideous menace was near.

She moved from small bed to bed; she leaned above the beds. I have you! You're wonderful! she thought. And suddenly her lips trembled. Pull herself together now, deep breath, and go downstairs. Go down smiling. Take the tweed coat from the hall cupboard. Junior's adenoids and dealing with them had knocked her evening coat. Go back to the kitchen to speak to Olga, the lout, Olga of the china-shattering order who are "good to the children."

FROM outside George tooted twice, pertly. Rarin' to go. It made her pause in the hall, hunt mislaid self-control. She seemed as usual crawling in by him.

"It's right for us, Mary, to get out more. It does you good, my dear. Gives you more to think about than the house, you know," he amplified.

Only a month before George had harped, going to a party, on when they could leave the party. He'd always said, "Think we can pull out at about eleven?" And if she said that might be a little early, he would remind her, with a sad variety of patience, that he had to keep fresh for work. "I keep going pretty hard, Mary!" he would state, as if she'd been ringing cowbells and tooting horns à la New Year's Eve in New York. But now! He said, "Does you good to get out! Shake off cares—forget everything!"

It had got into his driving, the new feeling. "George, this isn't the salt flats—or wherever Malcolm Campbell did his recording—"

"Sorry, dear!" smoothly. Now whistling May I Have the Next Romance with You? Whistling it softly, even tenderly. Oh, for a stiletto and a dark alley and no witnesses!

She saw the suburban apartment house ahead of them. George sat straighter, and felt his tie.

He parked the car on a pebbly round and, looking at the few other cars, he murmured in the tone of a disappointed small boy, "Guess we're a little early."

Mary wanted to answer, "Oh, she won't be here, because she'll be so confused by the subway. Don't forget noises hurt her—that she'll ride all the way up to Fifty-seventh Street, and the whole WPA will drop their shovels and follow her, and she'll come panting in, and every man in the place can save her."

She said, "Oh, every one will be coming along."

She knew when she reached Esther's bedroom that Alice Freeman and Myra Grant had been talking of George's obsession. The silence that greeted her was sudden and thick, and it hurt her. She greeted them, she hoped naturally.

Alice said it was a lovely night, and Myra said a too vibrant, "*Isn't it?*" They fell on autumn. They both simply *loved* early autumn. And *how* were the children? Close friends being kind—ostriches with heads in sand! Alice, an intrusive type, saying, "Mary, you look lovely, and don't forget it!" Mary felt their four eyes saying, Does—she *know?*

Some women, she realized, would have talked about it. She couldn't. She'd never felt that discussion of a husband was decent. Not that decency paid any dividends! The woman who cut coupons cheated and clung and told. But she wasn't going to change.

She drew a deep breath cautiously before she turned toward Esther's living room. Esther, who had been in her small kitchen showing men the way to bottles, ice, greeted Mary too effusively. And her extra layer of cordiality hurt, saying as it did, I'm right with you!

Pads and pencils, scrambled words. Junior would have loved it, Mary realized. She didn't. Normal adults should be, she decided, too tired by real work at the close of day to go in for mental acrobatics. She was. She'd had what she called "a full day."

Getting the children up and fed, motoring George to the station; back to the house to take Junior and Winky to their school; and back again to bathe the baby and put him out on the porch. Wash some blankets. Talk meals with Olga. Hear that the toaster would no longer heat and call a man about that, and send out George's suit—the gray. At that point the day had been parted, and when it went on there was a seam made by—emptying the pockets of George's gray suit. Helen Worthington made habit of using handkerchiefs—incredibly fine and delicate—with broad rich hems. It might have been, of course, that he had just picked it up to slip it in his pocket, thinking to give it back to her. She was always dropping things. She mustn't be silly, Mary decided—let her imagination riot. But it did!

She looked up from scrambled words to see George watching the door. It was time for the nine fifteen from town.

Now she stiffened. The door opened. Helen Worthington stood in it, swayed against it. She wore a beautiful and soft evening cloak of a gentle blue rarely bought by the sensible young wife in a modest suburb. (Dry cleaning; you had to watch it!) And beneath this, Mary knew, was the sort of exquisite wear that, oddly enough, is usually demanded by the woman who loathes sordid consideration of money (curl of lip) and who pretends a lofty disregard of *things.*

She said in her mild, soft, appealing way, "I thought—I'd never get here!"

And Galahads rose; their women hardened. Helen slithered into the room, breathing fast. She hugged and clung to Esther. How really—marvelous the room looked! Yes, she'd have one—cocktail. "Thank you, Mr. Blight, *so* much!" And then, "Oh"—gasp—"*George!*"

Mary saw him flush, hold her hand too long.

The softness of Helen's voice; the caress in it; the appeal in it. The men made a ring around her.

IT was the usual sort of party. They stayed until two. Normally George would have yawned, vocally, all the way home; but not this night. Mary wasn't sleepy, either. You don't sleep when you're standing at the edge of a precipice with a sheer drop that threatens you—unless you hold on.

The children were all right, she found. Get into her bed; see George, long-stretched and wide-eyed in his, arms above his head.

"Mary," he said, eyes on the ceiling, "I've been thinking that I'd like you to be a real friend to Helen Worthington. She was talking with me tonight about what friendship means to her—and she's had so little—"

Mary thought, only five thousand a year from a soft job and a firm trust fund. No cares and every male—loose and attached—and all the cards that win when men are sitting in the game!

"I thought that we could ask her out for a quiet Sunday—" he went on in that misty voice.

Oh, did you, pet? she thought. Oh, for a meat ax!

She said, with amazing calm, "Sunday, I think, wouldn't be very nice for her, George. You know, the children rip around so. They plague you if you don't play with them; and you know, if any one's here, you don't." They depended on that and looked forward to it. And—all very well for her to suffer as she did from this, but she wasn't going to have it touch them! "Very well," said George, aggrieved. "We'll say no more of it."

She said, "I'll ask her to dinner some Saturday evening. I think that would work better."

"Suit yourself!" he said sharply. Added, from a fog again, "She'd—stimulate you, Mary."

She thought, She does!

"She's a very interesting sort of girl, you see, Mary.

She has—an unusual mind. And then—as I said—she's had a pretty hard life."

"Why hard?" she asked, sounding as harsh and metallic as would a dollar alarm clock striking in a dim cathedral. She hadn't meant to say it.

Well, it was difficult to explain, he admitted. But he left no stone unturned. "You understand, Mary; she's — beautifully loyal — but her mother was given to keeping house as older housekeepers did. And, Mary, sometimes I think *you* give too much thought to the house. Helen said tonight she wished you could see your way to getting out more."

Mary Harper thought some descriptive adjectives that she hadn't spoken in years. You have to be careful around children.

"I feel a lot of sympathy for her, to be frank, Mary." His overripe tone dragged. She set her teeth. She pulled off the light that was between their beds.

She lay trying not to breathe harshly; she lay deciding that she would get George through this.

"She sees beauty in everything!" he said, words dragging.

She set her teeth and tried to keep *quiet*—but you can't stand more than so much! She said, voice loud and harsh, "I'll dare her to look at you after three days at camp without a shave!"

"Why, Mary!" It was more in sorrow than in anger.

"George, if—if you want to stay awake all night talking about—some woman as if you were a Dorcas Society, all right. But I've got to get my sleep! I've got my work to do."

"Good night," he said, aggrieved.

She lay shaking. She knew that her marriage to George was fundamentally as sound as ever; that what was real for them was still untouched. If she could keep quiet—keep quiet until this was over. She heard the clock strike several long-parted hours, and she hated George for sleeping.

SHE woke heavy and tired, and George was tired, and because he was that kind of a male, that meant he was irritable. The shirt he wanted was soiled. His request for it, from the head of the stairs, sounded like a hog-calling contest. And the coffee wasn't right. And Junior's sniffing made George bark:

"Can't you stop him, my dear? Can't you teach him not to snuffle at the table?"

Oh, shut up!—in her mind. He looked at his watch. That meant she'd have to rig to ride with him to the station. "Olga, keep an eye on the children; I'm starting—" (Wish I could stop!)

George spoke only once as he drove to the station; and then to say, "I may be a little late tonight—"

Tea for two? she wondered as she slid under the steering wheel of the car she had to have to take the children to school, to shop for carrots and spinach and all those alluring things! Yes, probably tea for two, she decided, lips tightening.

"Good-by," he said sharply. He left her without a backward look. She watched him cross the station platform, hoping he would turn.

Another day with its rote activities and the extras that one couldn't define ahead. Remembering George's saying she gave too much time to the house; his pity for Helen, a broad-hemmed handkerchief in his pocket. Trying to think of something else and failing.

After school Junior brought in a dog he'd found, actuated by the same motive that made all males lean Helen Worthington's way. "Mother — he was so frightened and little!"

It wasn't a he. No pet the children ever dragged in could be.

I mustn't be cross to *him* just because his father's a fool, she thought. She said, "We'll ask daddy about the dog." George could end the question, settle it painlessly. He was kind and gentle, normally, and wise. But, having taken—tea for two—and radiant from the gift, he must give. He was in a purring, expansive mood.

"I DON'T know why the child shouldn't have a dog, Mary," he said, in a tone that was calmly logical and low-down mean, as it made the children see her as a shrewish spoilsport. "After all, you know, a dog's a pretty big part of a small boy's life—isn't that so, sonny?"

Just the big giving father!

The steak was tough. George was terribly reasonable about it. "But, Mary, I think if you'd *talk* with the butcher—"

What did he think she'd been doing? Spelling out her messages in kindergarten blocks?

George kept poking the steak with the carving knife, fork, experimentally; frowning at it, as if baffled; jabbing it. Mary wondered whether a good many murders weren't made by exactly such trivial but unbearable pricks. "You can't even score it easily, you see, Mary. Yeah—I think you'd better *talk* to the butcher."

If she threw the gravy boat at George it would make a lovely splash. But if you were married *you couldn't throw a gravy boat, if your husband wore a suit that had been cleaned the day before.* Love wasn't fair! Any one who said it was lied, lied, lied!

"And how did everything go today, dear?" Heavens, he was noble! *He'd had tea with her; she knew it!* "I think we had a good day." Oh, yes, lovely! Just perfect! In her mind, I'd like to hurt him—hurt him physically. He's—*killing* me!

"The dessert, please, Olga—"

"Yah—"

"Live graciously," they wrote in the women's journals. Well, they'd never met Olga. But she was nice with the children.

Silence. George was staring ahead, half smiling. Then, with a prefatory clearing of throat that sounded like a stripped gear, "Mary," he said, offhand, "Mary, as I recall, you spoke

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about asking Helen to dinner some Saturday, and I wish you'd ask her next Saturday—call her, you know, to ask her—for I half mentioned next Saturday last night." A trifle too much stress on "last night."

"I'll call her right after dinner, George," Mary answered. It sounded well enough.

He was worried. Poor old dodo, all tangled up in that web! "You won't get her tonight. For—*last night* she told me she wouldn't be in tonight. She's going to take some old lady to a concert—a dear old lady who doesn't have many chances to get out."

Some dear old lady in Bond Street pants—bitter in Mary's mind.

"She goes to a great many concerts," said George mistily. "She has great appreciation of the finer things of life."

Mary pushed away her plate, appetite gone. "The finer things of life" had always sickened her. A loose, inaccurate, and prosy phrase, used for the most part by people who were strained by climbing to an altitude in which they could not breathe naturally. To her, a good dinner for a hungry man and healthy children was one of the finer things of life. To Mary Harper the finer things of life were made by giving, not taking. Making other people comfortable, not elevating self.

Oh, but I *hate* her! she thought, suddenly ablaze.

She spoke: "Did she say *last night* when she would be at home?" He didn't get it. He said, bland and approving her—now that she was being reasonable: "You could get her any day-hour at the office."

Well, he ought to know. It was obvious that he did.

Junior piped. "Who's *she?*" he asked.

"A friend of mother's and daddy's, sonny," said George in a pasty voice.

FOR some reason—Mary never knew why—she lived through the following month. Helen came out to dinner every Saturday evening, and George told Mary when he took Helen to tea. Almost daily she saw George in the grip of that sad and sickening nobility that settles upon those who are *strong*.

They were keeping *it* on a high plane, she realized, and that made everything lovely. Mary caught up with her mending, for she couldn't read. She imagined their long discussions of how they hadn't meant to have it happen—this miracle that had sneaked up on them to bite them in the hind legs. Not that they'd put it so! George would be soothing away Helen's pretended compunction by telling Helen that she was taking nothing from Mary. Mary almost heard him saying, "I have more to give Mary, Helen, from knowing you!"

Mary knew the lines, though she'd never spoken them; they are the old lines in a show that's been running for millions of years.

They would say, too, a lingeringly dramatic "We can *trust* ourselves!" That would bring out a sad, frustrated smile.

A little more and I'm out! she thought. She was, she realized, dangerously close to giving up. The emotional meetings over tea and the consequential impairment of dinner appetite were upsetting George, she could see; and she didn't care.

At the end of that month Myra Grant told her, a little too casually, that Helen Worthington had a new beau to her string. He was terribly wealthy and Myra felt Helen would choose him from all the world, whether he liked it or not.

It gave Mary a more definitely sharp feeling than she'd had in some time. Her suffering had been dull. Now it flared. She wasn't taking discards, thank you! She had been fair all along the way. All right. She would go on as he had chosen she should go: Alone. The house was getting cold, she realized that day after Myra left. All right, let it get cold. Who cared? The children were outdoors anyway.

George came in early. He looked as if he'd come home to get something. He said tragically, as he paused in the doorway, "I think I'm—getting a cold."

She didn't answer.

"The house is awfully cold," he went on.

"Well, if you know the way to the furnace," she said, "you might do something about it. I'm tired!"

She heard him rattling coal and opening the furnace door below her. She heard him mount the cellar stairs. She saw him pause in the doorway to look a long look at her again, and she heard him go on upstairs. He'd sit up there, huddled in a blanket, she knew, looking like a combination of Sitting Bull and funeral urn. Olga could take his dinner up. She was through carrying trays.

At nine o'clock she entered their bedroom to get her nightwear. "Going to sleep in the guest room," she said. "I don't want a cold."

"Don't blame you," he said a little thickly. He added loudly, "I've been a fool—and never again, so help me!"

"If it interests you at all," she answered levelly, "I'm through with being a fool. Which means that I'll never—never—never put myself in the position where I can—feel so, suffer as I have—again!"

She had two weeks of lethargy during which George acted like a whipped pup. The writers were all wrong, she decided, in thinking a new hat or a new manner would win a man back. No, life wasn't like that.

"Mary, you—you've changed so!" George said one night, staring perplexed and miserable at her. He was really looking at her, she realized, and doing it a lot.

"I've told you I know I was a fool!" he flung out.

"You don't need to tell me," she answered.

Just jogging along; that was life. She wasn't going to pretend any more!

They had an invitation to Helen's wedding, and Helen was out. But Mary was through, and that was the way it was. "You pick out a present for her, George. You know her tastes so well—"

"Oh, gosh, Mary, you're merciless!"

"Merciless? I don't care a darn. I'm simply through! If it wasn't for the children, I'd light out now. I haven't any feeling left for you! You simply don't matter, understand, George. I haven't a spark of emotion left for you!" (Voice rising.)

For a moment she looked at self. Funny, she'd held everything back until it was all over and all feeling had left. And now suddenly she was as shrill as a fishwife, whatever that was, and if she were a man she'd break every bone in his body! She simply didn't care any more!

His face had brightened as her voice rose.

THEY had to go out that night. He went first to the car, and in it tooted. She joined him feeling weak and shaky, for it wasn't over. She was going on in the old way, somehow. She saw it coming; felt it. You couldn't pull up stakes so easily that had been driven in deep by years of living. She felt inclined to cry.

"All set?"

"Yes, George."

"Gosh, Mary, it was awful while you were different. I can't say much, but—I'm telling you, never again!" he said grimly.

"All right. But don't say—any more, or I'll cry, and high tides mess up my features!"

He couldn't speak, but he did drive with one hand and, finding hers, he held it with the other. He cleared his throat. "Listen, Mary," he said a little thickly. "Do you think we could pull out at about eleven?"

Eleven, she answered unsteadily, might be a little early. He had to keep fit for work, he pointed out, aggrieved. He parked the car to cover the hood with a blanket. She smiled tremulously, seeing him do it. It was cold, she presumed. But for her the air was June.

"Come on, old lady!" he said.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **CARDBOARD CASTLE** by Percival Christopher Wren. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The exquisite story of a little English boy who was "different" and of his mother who was not different at all but just a great lady.

Let the whole community unite against crime.

CRIME control is not beyond the realm of reality. True, we have had crime since the beginning of time and we will have depredations and invasions of the rights of others just so long as man possesses the basic passions and desires that are common to all humanity. Nevertheless its extent and influence can be minimized. This attainment, however, is the task of every citizen, institution, agency, and community, and it calls for united and concerted action.

The first step in any program of crime control is to secure the facts. As industry and big business make surveys before charting a course, so must each community ascertain the facts regarding crime and what is being done. Here is one field of activity in which there should be no competition, except with the criminal.

Under our system of government, constituted authority exists and criminal laws are enacted for but one purpose—the good of the majority. Thus crime must be fought by all, since it affects the general welfare of all. No one is free from attack or is tax-exempted by the invisible government of the lawless. Each community should know just what share of its income is being diverted from legitimate to illegitimate channels. Each citizen should study the facts as to how crime does or can affect him. If he does, he will learn that three out of every four of his neighbors are the potential victims of crime, that eighteen out of every hundred youngsters who go to school with his children will be arrested for serious law infractions before they attain their majority. He will realize that the citizens of his community and nation pay a crime tax to the invisible empire of the underworld that is twenty per cent greater than they pay to their combined township, municipal, county, state, and federal governments.

Once citizens learn these facts—once they have sought to view crime, as it exists, in a practical, common-sense manner, they will know it is not a mythical thought that is entertained only in the minds of law-enforcement officers. Its magnitude will then be one of the forces that motivate the taking of community action; and it can be only through united effort that crime, which reaps a heavy toll in the form of a serious offense every twenty-two seconds day and night, will be minimized.

CRIME CONTROL

A Part for Every Man and Woman

BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

as told to Herbert Corey

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

The past few years have witnessed a decided improvement, and I am convinced that the efforts of the great molders of public opinion, the press, the radio, and the movies, are gathering momentum. I was thrilled a few years ago when I heard the Editor in Chief of Liberty, Mr. Fulton Oursler, in a dynamic, practical, sane, and intelligent address, say: "There is just the general apathy which is not to be excited by public outrages. There is that lack of civic indignation which should set a community on fire when crime goes unpunished. . . . And there is that distorted admiration for the bravado of the bad man."

Such statements are representative of the civic zeal that has prompted so many of our outstanding citizens and community leaders to rise up in indignation, only to be applauded but not followed. The greatest of all crimes is the toleration of crime.

Once determined to take some action, the question then arises, Where shall we begin? From twenty years of actual contact with crime in all its phases of rottenness and degradation, from a mutual exchange of experiences with honest and efficient law-enforcement officers and community leaders, and from reading the reports of the Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation which come over my desk in from nine to ten thousand cases monthly, I am convinced that the first community step must be directed against the leeches who committed nearly seven and one half million serious offenses last year. The first battle must be fought against the some four and one half

million persons with known records whose fingerprints are in the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Law enforcement will be only as effective in any community as that community's citizens demand. For too long a period the officer in blue on the beat has been slurred as "that cop" or "flatfoot," and all kinds of charges and epithets have been heaped upon him. Yet did you ever stop to think that he is your only duly authorized representative to maintain peace? His very presence, if he is the proper type of officer, insures you a measure of protection; and if he is not the proper type of officer, whose fault is it? Yours!

The cold facts reveal a very definite relationship between police personnel and crime rates. The fewer police, the greater the crime rate. And the higher the crime rate, the more you, Mr. Citizen, will suffer.

What do you know about the personnel needs of your community law-enforcement agencies? Have you ever discussed this with your Chief or County Sheriff? Have you ever asked the powers that be why your Police Department cannot have a few more men, when thousands of dollars are passing through your community coffers? And how are they equipped? Must they use 1928-model vehicles to chase criminals fleeing in 1938 models? Must they face the machine-gun fire of the enemy with antiquated side arms? Are your officers permitted to do their duty? Certainly they cannot protect you when they are ordered to "keep hands off" the gambling dens, the bawdyhouses, the numbers racket, the pin-ball racket machines, the slot machines, and the bookies. Corruption grows and thrives upon vice; yet venal politicians always see to it that their sources of revenue go unmolested.

My heart was saddened a few weeks ago by the story of one of the outstanding law-enforcement officers of the country who, rather than violate his duty and his oath, when the "hands off" order came out, did only what any self-respecting man would do—he resigned: of course to the plaudits of the underworld, the enemies of decency, and the allies of the corrupt politician. Had the citizens of that community been cognizant of the ramifications of that order, I am confident that their indignation would have caused an investigation into the reasons for it, and its background. I am also confident that when light was cast upon the background of the order, it must necessarily have been withdrawn.

The second step in crime control is through honest, efficient law enforcement without fear or favor. If a law is obnoxious, repeal it; but as long as it remains the will of the majority, enforce it by inspired patriotic, honest, intelligent, and well trained peace officers; men who are selected because of ambition, qualification, and ability rather than because of the recommendations of some slinking ward heeler. Equip your law-enforcement agencies not only with adequate man power but likewise with adequate facilities. This, of course, demands salaries commensurate with the trust imparted. It will not prove an extravagant expenditure—on the other hand, it will pay big dividends.

In 1924, shortly after my appointment as Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, I insisted upon well trained men being appointed as Special Agents. An adequate entrance salary for Special Agents was made possible, which was raised about three years ago through the assistance of the Hon. Homer Cummings, Attorney General of the United States, whose leadership and vision have been a source of inspiration to law enforcement throughout the nation. The training afforded these men has not been in vain, for $7.36 was saved the taxpayers of the nation last year for every dollar which they spent in maintaining the Federal Bureau of Investigation, to say nothing of the intangible value of the great services rendered, such as its fingerprint files, the crime laboratory, the National Police Academy, and the removal of hundreds of desperadoes from free circulation.

Law-enforcement officials find their efforts futile unless aided by fearless prosecuting attorneys and courts who are above reproach and who maintain their place on the bench and in the courtroom as a symbol of justice and law observance.

The third requisite in crime control, following sure detection and swift apprehension, is the certainty of prosecution and a fair trial. A grand jury may be made the medium to apply a whitewashing to some violations, nullifying the efforts of the officers. Are witnesses intimidated? If so, justice is sneered at. Do the courts function in the discharge of their duties? They do generally; but when they fail, it is because the citizens whom they serve have failed. Consider for a moment the setback justice took when one judge freed a nationally known criminal who is now in Alcatraz, and then borrowed fifteen hundred dollars from him!

How are cases finally disposed of? Court records are public records. They are open to the scrutiny of every law-abiding citizen. What arrangements does your community have to follow cases? What assurance do you have against the abuse of plea copping, or of perjury, or of bribery, or of jury tampering? Incidentally, how do the citizens of your community get excused from jury service, and do they at the dinner table before their children boast of being let off through some contact? If they do, they are planting the seeds of lawlessness and lack of respect for law and order.

Once the criminal has been apprehended and convicted, what treatment is accorded him? Does your community have correctional institutions that correct the wayward? Are youthful offenders permitted to associate with hardened criminals of years of experience who have served term after term in penal institutions throughout the country? It is high time that some concerted effort be made to attempt to reform and rehabilitate the offender who has made a mistake.

How much better it would be for a city boy who is the victim of circumstances, the victim of a congested area, of foul associates, of economic conditions, and who has committed crime to satisfy some one of his basic human desires, if, instead of being cooped up, he could, if his disposition warranted it, be given the opportunity to express himself by being gainfully employed on some prison farm, the profits of which would go to those less fortunate and who are in need of the actual sustenance of life!

I am inclined to the belief that many young criminals who are incarcerated are mentally deficient. They are the victims of broken homes or communities which had no interest in them. Why not take them to the hills—why not let them build their own houses, start their own farms, and then put some one in charge of them who knows human nature, who is of high moral integrity, and who will guide them and teach them the fundamentals which apparently they have never learned?

Let some constructive effort be made to rehabilitate those who are the victims of circumstances, but at the same time let some constructive effort be made to reform those who have demonstrated their absolute inability to enjoy freedom, or let them forever be removed from circulation amongst law-abiding people. Should a youth fail to respond to proper treatment under favorable auspices, then incarcerate him, without the power of parole or pardon, until he is cured, if it takes a lifetime.

Once and for all, let government exist for the people instead of the people existing for the government. The administration of criminal justice includes every phase of law enforcement, from the actual detection of a crime until the criminal is released and takes his place in a community. Yet citizens who would no more tolerate an inefficient and improperly equipped fire department than they would the presence of a person afflicted with a deadly contagious disease often lackadaisically accept law-enforcement and various other officers associated with the administration of criminal justice that are just as obnoxious and lethal as the presence of contagion.

THE END

Young America must have its heroes—but the wrong ones lead to crime and disaster. In the second article of this significant series, Mr. Hoover tells what has been and must be done to stop gangster hero worship. Watch for it in an early issue!

RENDEZVOUS AT ARMS

Two others pounced upon O'Houle, and the agent fought them off.

Losers win . . . love steps in . . . An exciting tale springs a surprise

BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

AT four o'clock Gon appeared at the door as guard. O'Houle held a whispered conversation with him which was earnest and long. Gon appeared to grasp what was being said and O'Houle had trouble keeping the giant from the form of Cardono, bound and gagged now, on the bed. Timms joined them.

" Me, Gon. Now I un'erstand," the giant whispered in the hair of his throat. " Gon will twist their spine. Gon will show them what makes a man. I am strong. So strong. No man is like Gon."

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

They placated him and he took up his post outside the door, where he would always be visible to passers-by on the deck or from the bridge above. Hestin and the men were interested in the ship which hove to a short distance away in the first streaking of gray dawn.

Breakfast was served the crew at daylight. In the matter of an hour the strange ship was but yards away. Spur shores were rigged on the tramp and ready for contact with the stranger. Lines were coiled on deck for mooring. Fenders were lowered over the starboard side, and the tramp swung, nose into the gentle wind. There was much backing and filling, much vibration from the reversed engines, much shouting of orders on both ships.

After that the two ships rode together to each swell and strange feet trod the decks of each.

Hatches began opening and the rattle of booms told a story of transferring cargo.

"They made a quick deal," O'Houle snapped. "Already they must have paid off an' are swinging the cargo. Things run too smoothly."

"Perhaps the smart señorita is to be congratulated," Timms said.

"Things are going more smoothly than I hoped," repeated O'Houle.

"Hoped?"

"Sure. Above all, this cargo must be delivered. Once those aboard get that, the fight will be gone from them. They'll want only a chance to steam to their port of profit and delivery."

"So?"

"I can get, and keep, the hellions I want. Let me do that and we'll break up a ring of crooks that has stopped at nothing for five years. Big crooks, with plenty contacts for money and a world of legal brains at their elbow."

It was nearly noon when the door of their room hurtled violently open and a limp form in the arms of Gon was dropped at their feet.

"Me, Gon. Strong. See, I twist his spine. He'll not move now, O'Houle. He'll be silent."

O'Houle chuckled as he regarded the upturned face of the stunned man on the deck. "That's right, Gon. Remember, find the other. And you know who to ask?"

"Gon knows. Gon is strong. Strongest man on earth. Now Gon is gettin' sense too."

Then he was gone, and O'Houle, using the very bonds which had held himself, lashed the arms and ankles of this newcomer and over his mouth placed an effective gag. As he did this he whistled softly through his teeth. It was nearly dark when the giant came with his second victim. This one he had struck across the face with his clenched fist and the result was not pleasant to see. But with Timms' bonds O'Houle bound the man and with Timms' undershirt gagged him and laid him beside his partner.

It was after dark when the first officer slipped into the room. He was armed, his face set in rigid lines.

"Very well," he said evenly. "Transferred, Mr. O'Houle."

"Good. Stand by here. Shoot to kill if you must. The meeting is on?"

"In the room of Señorita Espan."

"We'll play a hand or two ourselves," O'Houle laughed. "Come along, Timms. We are paying a long-delayed visit to the beautiful señorita. You, Gon, remain with this officer and see that nobody gets in or out of this room."

Gon laughed a promise under the hair of his throat. Timms rose, strapped the cartridge belt about him after the manner set by O'Houle. Together they slipped on to the dark deck and made for the familiar room of Señorita Espan. It was well lighted, and seated about a small table there were several men. Outside the door three others waited, obviously doing a sort of guard duty.

THERE was nothing belligerent in the conversation taking place in the cabin of the señorita. As a matter of fact, the three guards stepped aside to permit O'Houle and Timms to pass through their cordon and enter the room. Señorita Espan was seated at the end of the small table and about her gathered the men she dealt with. Hestin was there, his face lowering and his eager eyes devouring money which lay in black bags on the table. The señorita was saying something when the two abruptly entered. Only her last sentence struck their ears understandably.

"But the agreement was definite and clear. You were to pay in gold. Paper money will not pay our debts for the material delivered."

There was interested but not frightened or startled silence when O'Houle and Timms, revolvers in hand, stepped into the room.

"Quite a party," O'Houle snapped, his revolver raised suggestively. "We will join you, we hope without fatal results to the misadvised."

"How come?" Hestin snarled. "Who do you think you are?"

"I think I'm the boss," O'Houle said amiably. "Truly, now that you ask, I am the boss. Or so I think. Some one may have to die before I change my mind."

"What is it, a stick-up?"

"Anything but."

"What else could it be, my friend?" A small man with birdlike hands and eyes put the question. "Surely we have encountered a modern pirate marauding on the high seas."

"Perhaps. But be sure you understand the ways of pirates. I should hate to see any one . . . walking the plank."

"I'm sure of that. What is the proper conduct? What most pleases the modern pirate?"

"Good behavior. Lack of violence . . ."

"And delivery of money without protest?"

"We do not want money."

"Then it will be easier to be good. You see, the money is not ours. We have paid it over to our compatriots who delivered this cargo. It is the cargo you wish?"

"We wish only peace . . . and understanding."

HESTIN reached across the table and drew toward him the two leather bags. O'Houle smiled gently and made no protest. The señorita became spokesman for the groups.

"This gentleman is one O'Houle," she explained. "He is an agent of his government and interested in the apprehension of certain American criminals who have preyed upon you as much as upon their own people."

"He may take any criminal we have with us. . . ."

"You should make yourself known," the señorita went on. "This man is Don Carlos Esperanta de Madrid. His family is an ancient one, of culture and of wealth. He is a patriot who has given his fortune for a cause and offers his life in the same manner."

Esperanta rose and bowed with courtly manner. O'Houle returned the gesture. He said, "I am not interested in the motive that guides you, sir. Nor am I interested longer in this transfer of cargo, or what becomes of it. My sole interest lies now in the apprehension of two men and their delivery into American territory. As a matter of fact, I am interested no longer in their apprehension, but in their detention."

"I regret," Esperanta said, "that difficulty has arisen. We did not, of course, come unprepared. My ship is equipped with wireless telephone. Within a very few miles lies a fast destroyer which will come to us on the slightest warning. Do not force me to such methods."

"I force nothing, sir. I merely state that my country and your own are in highly different positions. My duty is mine and yours is your own. But the men I have captured are men I want to keep."

Esperanta shrugged, glanced at two of the men sitting with him. Then he said to O'Houle, "I understand that you are not interested in what plans we make for the immediate future, so long as these plans do not interfere with your arrest of these bandits?"

"Your understanding is correct."

"Then we are in accord. The men of importance to us are gathered here, or on the bridge of my ship right now. You could not possibly have captured those on the ship, for they were heavily armed and carefully guarded throughout the cargo movement. If you have prisoners, they come from our crew, or they are the foreign representatives of the syndicate headed by Cardono."

"You are right. I have Cardono and those representatives, two men known to us by the names of Matthews and Hitchcock. . . ."

"They may shift for themselves. What else do you seek?"

"Finish your business aboard here and shove off. I'll take care of this ship and its precious crew."

"There is little to detain us. The señorita has been dealing with us in a matter of futures. We were haggling, I fear, over price."

"Not that," the señorita said evenly, "but over the manner of its payment. It must be clear to the don that our factories cannot accept paper money in payment for hard materials paid for by American currency. We must have payment in gold, and we must have a reasonable

down payment in the same metal to finance our costly and devious methods in America. Also, most important, you must tell us the actual representatives of your people in our country. We cannot longer deal with vicious criminals."

O'Houle stepped slightly back from the table, nodded permission to the others to continue their negotiations as far as he was concerned. Timms stepped back also, straight into the waiting arms of a husky guard, who seized him from behind, yanked him through the door, and knocked the pistol from his grip. Two others pounced upon O'Houle, and the agent fought them off for a moment but did not fire his pistol.

SHORTLY the command of the situation was completely reversed, for O'Houle and Timms were bound. Hestin was chuckling his delight and demanding that Cardono and the two others be kept right where they were.

"Y'see, Carlos," he explained, "these guys don't want to bother you, but they figger they'll knock us off an' take the whole payment for the cargo as soon as you're out of our sight. Then you'd never get another cargo. Don't mind our little troubles. We can handle them. Make your deal with the señorita an' we'll be back an' see you soon."

The señorita watched Timms and O'Houle removed, then talked rapidly and earnestly with Esperanta. O'Houle and Timms were placed under guard on the quarter-deck and there they remained until the conference in the cabin ended and the men from the strange ship returned to her. They lay there and saw the hawsers cast off, the short spur shores recalled, the gentle breeze pry between the two bows until a chasm yawned there and widened, and shortly heard the throbbing of the engines of the strange ship and saw her respond to her helm, veer off, set her foreight toward the northeast and churn a wide wake behind her.

"Now," said Timms lugubriously, "we are alone in hell. This ship, loaded with money instead of cargo, will be a madhouse of murder."

"I didn't handle that very well," O'Houle admitted.

Under them the engines came to life. The tramp swung in a circle.

"Why didn't you shoot when you had a chance in that struggle?" inquired Timms.

"I thought of that at the time," O'Houle admitted. "It seemed an excellent idea, but the more I considered it the more I realized that if I shot as well as I do everything else, it was almost a certainty that I'd hit some one. . . ."

Before Timms could jeer at this, the señorita appeared suddenly and spoke sharply to the guard.

"Go at once to Hestin," she said. "He is in the captain's cabin on the underbridge. He waits for you. The crew has formed a bonus group and you are detailed to help divide the money. . . . Here, give me your weapon. I'll watch these men until your relief comes."

The man did as she said and left. The señorita dropped to her knees beside O'Houle, worked frantically at his bonds. As she worked, she said, "The captain's cabin. Cardono is there, along with Hitchcock and Matthews. They are safe enough. Gon is acting as guard and he will be loyal, for I have promised you will clear up the murder charge against him. The second officer is with us, also the engineer. You will know what to do. I have complete information from Esperanta for later consideration."

O'Houle was free. He leaped to his feet, caught the señorita in his arms, held her close to him and kissed her roundly on the lips. Then he fell to work on Timms' bonds.

They were free. The señorita left them before O'Houle had finished freeing Timms. O'Houle led the way to the bridge, keeping to the shadows as they went. They gained the ladder, found the first officer standing guard over that part of the ship, a revolver at his waist. Inside they found the captain, two members of the crew, Cardono, Hitchcock, and Matthews. Gon was there.

"Shall I hit them? Shall I twist their spine? Me, Gon. I'll show them strength."

"Quiet," O'Houle snapped. "There is lots to be done,

AW, MOM...I ONLY TOLD HIM HE HAS BAD BREATH!
BUT JIMMIE—TELL MOTHER! WHATEVER MADE YOU DO SUCH A NAUGHTY THING?
WELL, AUNT MARY SAID MR. REED WAS NICE—ONLY HE OUGHTA GO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH —SO I TOLD HIM!
MR. REED TAKES JIMMIE'S TIP
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
BOY! THIS GLOVE'LL KNOCK THE TEAM'S EYES OUT, MR. REED! I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY UNCLE!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Gon. Later we will need you most of all. First, leave here and find Hestin. The moment you get him alone . . . bring him here. Now go."

Gon was chuckling delightedly under the hair of his throat. He left, his blank eyes shining with anticipation. O'Houle began talking with the captain. That officer had seen a great light.

"You'll play with us—if necessary, fight for us?" O'Houle asked.

"On my honor," swore the captain.

They released him.

"There's a meeting now," O'Houle said, "in the señorita's cabin. I want you to go there, captain. Take some men you can trust. I want Hestin and Mineg added to our little group of charmers here. With them out of the way, we can handle this matter in perfect shape."

"I'll get Hestin an' Mineg, never fear."

"I can scarcely wait."

A few moments later shots sounded below. O'Houle grasped Timms by the arm. He started pell-mell for the ladder. Timms tried to stop him, but O'Houle shook off his hand. Timms followed. The shots had been three, and there were no more.

"Stop!" Timms called. "You'll run into a bullet, fool!"

"The señorita!" O'Houle called. "What of her?"

They reached her cabin door. It was open. Across the threshold a man sprawled. This was the mighty Gon. Over him, hands upraised, stood the man Mineg, and inside the cabin, Hestin. The captain was covering Mineg, and the señorita, with a tiny pistol, had cornered Hestin.

O'Houle burst into the room and disarmed the two men.

"Hestin has murdered this imbecile," the señorita said slowly. "The captain and I saw him do that. Mineg was trying to murder the captain when I drew my pistol and stopped the slaughter."

"That'll be good testimony, my señorita." O'Houle nodded. "Thank heaven you are safe yourself."

"I am safe."

THE captain gladly took charge of Hestin and Mineg. Gloweringly they permitted the navigator to lead them away for safekeeping along with the others.

The señorita, alone with Timms and O'Houle, suddenly dropped her weapon. Her lips trembled. Tears found her eyes and cheeks. She said, her voice choking, "And you too, Terrence. You are safe . . . at last."

"Every one is safe," O'Houle chuckled. "We have the leaders of one of the most important gangs in the country. We've enough stuff right aboard this craft, in the way of fodder for the courts, to last us for months. Think of it! Hitchcock, Matthews, Hestin, Cardono, Mineg . . . Biston dead . . . Say . . . we've busted up a gang, little lady. And now . . . now . . . we're homeward bound!"

He caught the girl in his arms, held her close, over her shoulder winked at Timms.

She said, her voice trembling and partially smothered against the chest of O'Houle, "Homeward bound."

It was a simple phrase but she accentuated the first syllable and O'Houle caught her still closer and, unashamed, kissed her hair.

To Timms he said, "You've never really met Miss Dorothy Carson, of the staff. So take a bow. This is no longer the Señorita Espan. Not to Cardono, not to you, not to any one. She's just her old plain sweet self, Dorothy Carson. She's sort of developed the habit of changing her name in the last few years, and I'm in favor of it. She's about to do it again—next time to O'Houle."

"It's been terrible to deceive you so, Mr. Timms," the girl said. "But surely you understand? Sometimes, in work such as we do, those things are necessary. Cardono and others aboard would have killed Terrence with delight. I was the only contact, you see. We could trust no one. . . ."

"Don't mind me," Timms laughed. Then, turning to O'Houle, "Small wonder you felt so safe in suggesting that I conduct a romance . . ."

"Stop! I hadn't told her that, Al. She'll be sore about that. I'm supposed to be very jealous."

He held her close, tipped her chin upward with his free hand. She smiled, dabbed at her moist eyes.

"HOMEWARD bound," O'Houle repeated. "Hear that, Al? Homeward bound. An', for the love of Pete, just because you wouldn't make love to her when I gave you the chance is no reason you should monopolize the time right now."

Timms grinned, bowed himself on to the deck and ostentatiously closed the door behind him. On the flying bridge, the first officer explained to him that a bonus was being arranged for each member of the ship's company, to be paid from the proceeds in the cabin and to insure a peaceful voyage to American waters.

Timms nodded vehement approval.

"Fine," he said. "Fine. What else could be done with the money? I mean equitably? These gangsters shouldn't have it, I'm sure."

Half an hour later he glanced at the port quarter-deck, its lifeboat gone and a davit twisted but otherwise showing no signs of the hurricane. Pacing the deck there, where Cardono had so shortly before ruled supreme, were O'Houle and the girl. They were oblivious to the world about them, and even the crew was buzzing of the strange romance which was about to end on the tramp.

Timms looked at the youngish first officer. "You," he said, "are in a profession that teaches constantly how little we know."

"Yes, sir. Right now, I don't know who you are."

"Does that give me any advantage over you? I mean, how do I know who you are? Shortly I shall expect Cardono to wind up head of our Secret Service!"

"So? Well, he won't. But there's one thing I'm expectin' O'Houle to realize any second."

"Something more?" Timms gasped.

"Sure. There is a master aboard this ship. A licensed master."

"So what?"

"They marry people, Mr. Timms. Some they bury, others they marry."

"Right. And we just need a wedding to balance the books of the cruise."

With a look of determination he started toward the two on the quarter-deck.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—At right is the likeness of a man who captured the popular vote for President, but lacked just one of a majority in the electoral balloting. His middle name was Jones and he lived until 1886. Can you name him?

2—In the harbor of which city is Morro Castle?

3—Who wrote the book in which Ferdinand the Bull is a character?

4—Which food contains more water, milk or asparagus?

5—During his wife's illness, which radio star signed off with "Good night, Molly"?

6—Who were the chief god and goddess of the ancient Romans?

7—What is a veal sweetbread?

8—Is it Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans, or Los Angeles that is not in a county?

9—Which show has had a Broadway run of nearly 2,000 performances?

10—If brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, of what is bronze an alloy?

11—Who was the first to pasteurize milk?

12—Who calls a baseball game before starting time because of the weather: manager of the visiting team, manager of the home team, Judge Landis, or the umpire?

13—What do the fifty-two cards in a deck represent?

14—And what do the four suits represent?

15—Who wrote Knickerbocker's History of New York?

16—Which well known seven words complete the following extract from a famous speech: "Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me . . ."?

17—Who was the Swedish Nightingale?

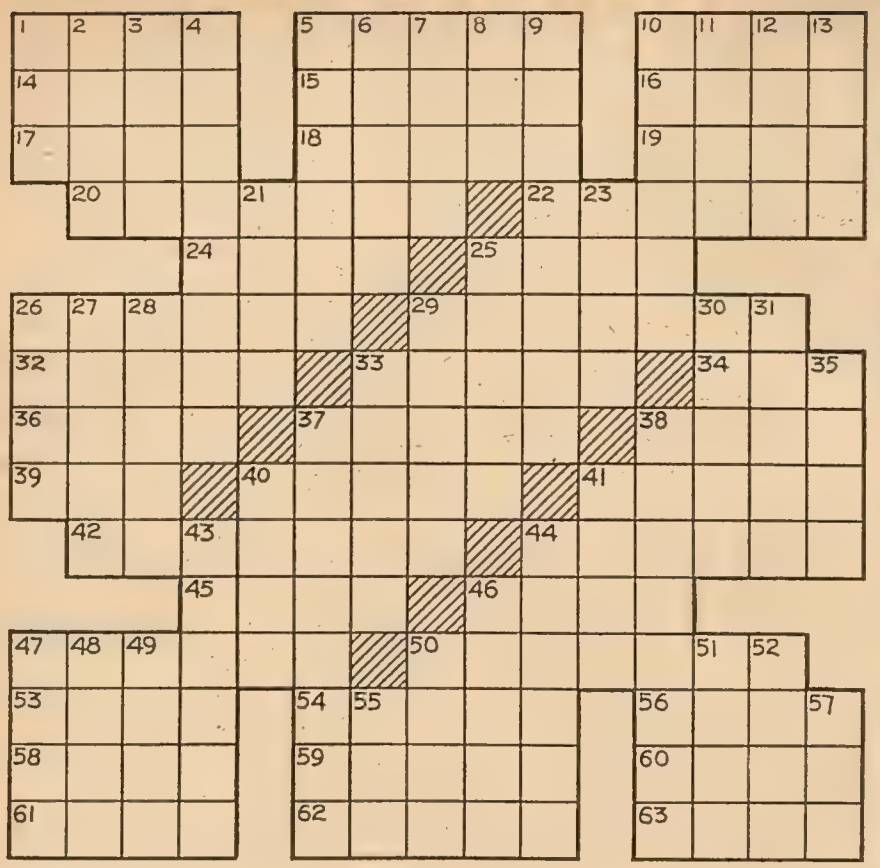
18—If "blind as a bat" when first entering a dark moving-picture theater, what is a good thing to do?

19—Why does an opossum "play dead"?

20—Who plays opposite George Raft in You and Me?

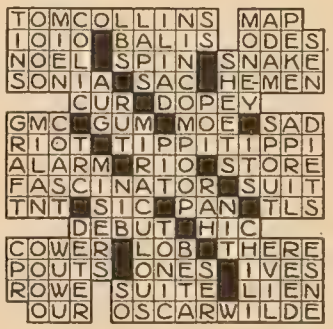
(Answers will be found on page 48)

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A disease in sheep
5 To tipple (slang)
10 To sow
14 Subtle effluvium
15 Spoke wildly
16 A weed
17 An animal
18 At a little distance from the rest
19 Bottom end of a pulley block
20 A fop (pl.)
22 Clinched, as a bargain
24 Succors
25 Bustle
26 Intervals
29 Scantier
32 Certain speech sounds
33 Level tracts along the banks of rivers
34 The start of most college yells
36 Dreadful
37 Having a glossy, smooth surface
38 Long hair about the neck of some animals
39 Commotion
40 A fish
41 Measuring device
42 Provoke to anger (var.)
44 Boats
45 A geologic formation
46 Baronet (abbr.)
47 Arrayed
50 Dirigible
53 Genus of liliaceous plants
54 A large bird of prey
56 A portent
58 Asterisk
59 Circlets
60 Tardy
61 Foxes (Scotch)
62 Small inflamed swellings on eyelid
63 A small merganser



Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Melancholy
2 Signaled
3 Sunken court about a building
4 A shellfish found on rocks
5 Narrow binding material (pl.)
6 Small spots on the planet Mars
7 Genus consisting of sheep
8 The letter Z
9 Destitute of teeth
10 Series of steps
11 A nobleman
12 Irish
13 Action
21 A small cubical block (pl.)
23 Affected manners
25 Thin
26 A white alkaline compound, basis of salt
27 Inordinate self-esteem
28 A Jewish priest
29 To mix with water, as lime
30 One of the Muses
31 Indian princess
33 An inclined channel
35 Possessive pronoun
37 Disease of horses, asses, mules, etc.
38 A waxy, crystalline compound (pl.)
40 Free mass of floating ice
41 A planet
43 Threadlike structures
44 Fondle
46 The bulge of a barrel
47 To terrify (Scotch)
48 Tenor violin
49 Thoroughfare
50 Vedic god of fire
51 Chief of a Mohammedan sect
52 Man's nickname
55 A little island
57 Unfamiliar

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A scalp-wise young blade
from Peconic—
Kept his hair neat with
'Vaseline' Hair Tonic
'Neath hot summer sun
He swam and had fun
And returned with his hair
—to Peconic!

DON'T let summer sun and wind dry your hair . . . rob it of its natural protecting oils. Keep it fit this easy 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic way:

EVERY DAY rub a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic directly on to the scalp. It supplements the scalp oils, helps to counteract dryness and harshness.

40¢ AND 70¢

EVERY WEEK before shampooing massage thoroughly with the Tonic to stimulate the circulation, remove dry dandruff scales. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., New York, N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Copr. 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

SPECIAL LINGO

BY SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

YOU don't know what a Lindy is? Well, that's what the boys over at the post office call an air-mail letter. Cops aren't the only ones with a line of their own; I've been on a beat long enough to know that.

Every racket has its own lingo; that's what I was thinking of when I started to tell you about Ducky Wade. Ducky's chief engineer of the radio transmitter at Headquarters now, but he used to be just a flattie and operate one of these amateur broadcasting outfits.

Ducky is the guy who put the finger on Bugs Gattino. Bugs was no gang leader. If he could handle a job alone, he did so; if not, he picked up what rats he needed, split with them, and washed up right there. No molls, no pals to cross him up, nothing. That's one reason Bugs kept right on going for so long, although he was wanted in seven states.

Well, Bugs blows into town to cool off. He is lousy with the stuff from a couple of big jobs in Chi, and things get kind of dull for him around a burg no bigger than this, so he starts taking in the bright spots. One night he stays too long and has too many. Among other things, a bottle is tossed through a window, and Ducky, who is on the beat, drops in to quiet things down some.

Bugs gets a look at the uniform and decides it's time he added cop killing to the list. He's wilder than a high-school punk after his third muggles, so the damage is all to the scenery. Ducky puts a .38 slug through Bugs' leg, and Bugs folds up right now.

Then he offers Ducky important paper; some say five grand. But Ducky tells this monkey he's not for sale.

"O. K., wise guy," says Bugs. "But they ain't puttin' me away forever. And when they spring me, I'm lookin' you up, copper. Get that? *I'm lookin' you up!*"

All these mugs make a lot of big talk when they face a rap.

While Bugs was doing his stretch in the Big House upstate, Ducky worked a prowl car, the homicide squad, and finally got the kind of government license it took and wangled a berth as assistant engineer of our radio outfit. He loved that stuff, Ducky did. He was a good cop, but he was tops when it came to transformers and microphones and things.

There was a kid on the force who was another of these radio amateurs. Whitey Chisholm, his name was. He was on a beat, like me, but he spent half his time, when he was off duty, talking decibels and stuff like that with Ducky. Ducky would quiz him and help him with the tough parts of the license exam.

Ducky, on this particular evening, turns over the shack to his relief and shoves off. It is only about a mile to where he lives, and it's his habit to walk home.

His shift is from 4 P. M. until midnight, so there aren't many on the streets. Ducky is just about to turn the corner when a guy slides out of a doorway and sticks a gun against Ducky's ribs.

"Walkin' in the night air is bad," says this mug—it's Bugs, of course. "Let's ride, you an' me, eh?"

Ducky doesn't even pack a gun, and the feel of the gat against his ribs is pretty convincing.

"It's bad business," he reminds Bugs. "I thought you were too smart to pull anything like this!"

"I'm smart, all right," says the rat. "That's the car there and—"

A harness bull swings around the corner just then, and Bugs changes his tune, talking plenty fast.

"Look," he says. "Give this copper the nod, see, and the old high sign, just like nothin' was the matter. I'm an old pal; get it? And if you try anything at all, wise guy, I get you *and* him before I blow."

"Sure," says Ducky. "I get it." But he's thinking hard. He doesn't want to get Whitey Chisholm in a corner, but neither does he want to go for a ride with Bugs. All the time they're drifting along toward the car.

"Hi, Ducky," Whitey nods. "How's business?"

"Quiet. Nothing but routine stuff." All the time Ducky and Bugs are getting closer to the sedan—and Whitey isn't even interested in who Ducky is with. "Where you been keeping yourself, fellow? Haven't seen you since the Chief threw that May Day party."

"Why . . . I don't know." Whitey hesitated just a second and gave the pair of them another look. "I've been around—"

Ducky saw him coming and dropped flat. Bugs' trigger finger was quick, but not quite quick enough. The bullet ripped through the slack of Ducky's coat, and by that time Whitey had his .38 in action. Those three shots couldn't have come any faster, Ducky says, out of a tommy gun.

Whitey got plain clothes out of that job, and—

What tipped Whitey off?

Well, that's what I was telling you at the beginning, fellow! Every racket has its own lingo.

You know how they send S O S on the radio—telegraph it in dots and dashes? That's no soap on a radiotelephone. There the call for help is a French word meaning "Help me!" You spell it "M'-a-i-d-e-z"—and you pronounce it "Mayday"!

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

When a Man Marries . .

Mr. Marshall, bewildered, learns about women from the brilliantly embattled Misses Astor and Bruce

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce, Mary Astor, Janet Beecher, Marjorie Rambeau, Juanita Quigley, Zeffie Tilbury, Sarah Padden, Betty Ross Clarke, Dorothy Christy, Morgan Wallace, Joseph Creehan. Screen play by Edward Chodorov from a story by Margaret Culkin Banning. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 65 minutes.

THIS picture is as female as a maternity ward and quite as full of sex psychology. It is, as a production, neither big nor expensive with stellar names. But so true is its story and so accurate its portrayal of two very general but highly different types of women—the subtle feminine cat versus the honest feminine adventurer—that we believe it will interest you more than many a film of twice its cost.

The two ladies are, successively, the wives of Herbert Marshall—Mary Astor, the cat, being wife the first; and Virginia Bruce, the forthright, being wife the second. Marshall has divorced Miss Astor when he found her relentlessly running his life. In Washington he meets Miss Bruce, who goes right after him and gets him. His legal practice demands they return to live in the small city where the ex-wife still resides.

The war begins then between the women, with Miss Astor, as mother of Marshall's daughter, having the most weapons on her side. The courageous trick by which Miss Bruce wins out against her wily and unscrupulous methods will delight all the sisters-under-the-skin in the audience.

The dark Miss Astor, abetted by brilliant dialogue, is superb as the malignant other woman, and Mr. Marshall is properly bewildered as the husband always trying to do right and thereby always getting in wrong.

VITAL STATISTICS: Herbert (The Voice) Marshall is 48, gets about $100,000 a pic, operates a perfect gentleman's 40-acre estate out in Fernando Valley, never talks about himself or gets personal, is always affable, charming, and pleasant to the touch. He's a billiard-table exerciser, was in the London Scotties during the war, talkie-dubutted op the late Jeanne Eagels in The Letter. That voice is no affectation, is not cultivated with artificial honey and suavity, but comes from having a cultured viewpoint and something above his eyes besides his well parted hair. . . . Virginia Bruce is Virginia Briggs of Minneapolis, or will you scream if I tell you that again? She likes to play piano, sing, live the social life, go out for long walks in the dark, is unafraid of walking nights alone, is distantly related to Prexies Garfield and McKinley. She was married to John Gilbert; there's a child by John. Her mother was golf champ of North Dakota for 3 years. . . . Juanita Quigley's just 5, a walking-talking-doll type, dotter of a Hollywood grocer. . . . You never hear a peep out of the gossipests concerning Mary Astor these days. Her marriage is entirely stabilized, running smoothly. Mary's been bitten by the hoss bug, rides morning, night, and noon. Husband Manuel del Campo's a crack equestrian, like Rubens, has rebuilt his wife's faith in man and horse. . . . Janet Beecher has blue hair, one child, named Wyndham Hoffman, she's been once married. She's a biography and whodunit fan.

Husband Herbert Marshall with wives Mary Astor and Virginia Bruce in Woman Against Woman.

★ ★½ ALGIERS

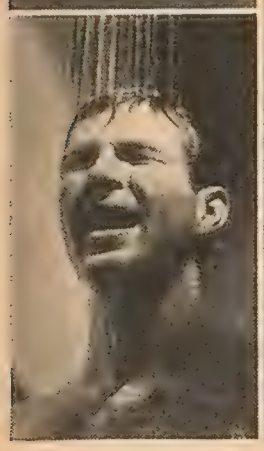
THE PLAYERS: Charles Boyer, Sigrid Gurie, Hedy Lamarr, Joseph Calleia, Alan Hale, Johnny Downs, Gene Lockhart, Joan Woodbury, Claudia Dell, Robert Greig, Stanley Fields, Ben Hall, Charles D. Brown, Armand Kaliz, Leonid Kinsky, Walter Kingsford, Paul Harvey, Bert Roach, Luana Walters. Screen play by John Howard Lawson with additional dialogue by James M. Cain from the original novel by Detective Ashelbe. Directed by John Cromwell. Produced by Walter Wanger. Running time, 90 minutes.

WHERE Woman Against Woman is a "little" picture which turned into something surprisingly strong, Algiers is a "big" picture which builds up to a romantic letdown. And the reason in both cases is the same: the story. Where the plot of the former is swift and compelling, the action here is sluggish.

Basically it has all the elements, being a fiction about one Pepe le Moto (Charles Boyer), a highly romantic, very literary thief from Paris, hiding out in the underworld of Algiers. The tale's weakness is that its sole situation is that the police, aware of his presence in Algiers, are yet unable to capture Pepe while he is in the native quarter, and all the action is concerned with getting him to leave. The cause of his coming out is exactly what you would expect, the pursuit of a beautiful woman. The sultry Mr. Boyer is absolutely entwined with lovely ladies. There is Miss Sigrid Gurie, who adores him. There is Miss Hedy Lamarr, who desires him. Nobody wins save the law.

Protect your hair from the havoc of

Broiling Sun— Cold Showers



Use the VITALIS "60-Second Workout"

TENNIS and golf, sailing and swimming are swell for you—but what a wreck they can make of your hair! For the sun bakes your hair dry and brittle—your soaking shower washes away needed scalp oils—your hair becomes dull, lifeless!

That's why you need Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" for your hair. Apply Vitalis—massage it briskly on your scalp. Feel the tingle as circulation awakens—Vitalis' pure vegetable oils aid the oil-depleted scalp—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre!

See how easy it is to comb—how it stays in place! Enjoy your sports—but keep your hair good-looking with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"! Get a bottle at your druggist's today!

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes!

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre.

2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB—Your hair has a well-groomed lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

While this has its moments of suspense and insinuating talk, we believe what you will longest remember is your first sight of the provocative Hedy Lamarr.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sultry-orbed, Garbo-calm Sigrid Gurie is a Norwegian Glamour Girl from the Fiords of Flatbush, real-named Sigrid Gurie Hankelid and a dotter of a Norwegian tunnel m'f'erer who worked on both the Grand Central and Pennsy RR. tunnels. Pop Hankelid removed Sigrid to Oslo, Norway, when she was 3, kept her there till but 4 years ago, when she returned to Hollywood, aged 20. Sigrid claims she sat on Sam Goldwyn's doorstep for 4 years before finally winning a screen test and 6-year contract which started @ $150, ran up to $1,000. . . . Sharley Boyer's had an easy life, has never been on the rocks or near them. Wants to be a producer, expects to keep married eternally to lovely Pat Paterson, thinks Hollywood erodes marriages fast. Uses long marriage vacations to preserve his. . . . Late of Vienna, Hedy Lamarr lives in a 7-room Bevhills bungalow with her maid, drives her own car, does her own marketing, has lost 15 lbs. since coming to America after a winter in the Alps, wants to plump up some again, is packing away the starches to do so. She's an early bedder and riser, lays off parties, is a sun fiend, and actually from Vienna not Canarsie.

★ ★½ MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO

THE PLAYERS: Peter Lorre, Mary Maguire, Henry Wilcoxon, Erick Rhodes, Harold Huber, Leon Ames, Forrester Harvey, Fredrik Vogeding, Lester Matthews, John Rogers, Karen Sorrell, Mitchell Lewis. Screen play by Philip MacDonald and Norman Foster based on the character, "Mr. Moto," created by John P. Marquand. Directed by Norman Foster. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 60 minutes.

HERE Mr. Moto has come to London to save Henry Wilcoxon, a rich steel manufacturer, from death at the hands of the so-called League of Assassins. In order to know these gory lads, Moto has served awhile on Devil's Island, become acquainted with Leon Ames, one of the League, escaped with him to become the unsuspecting Ames' servant in London. Thus Mr. Moto has Scotland Yard on one hand and the plotters on the other.

Peter Lorre gives his beaming performance as the Oriental genius. Mary Maguire is pert as the standard love interest, and all the dirty villains are correctly scary. You'll get a chill and a thrill watching this.

VITAL STATISTICS: Almost a year ago, smack in the middle of production, Warner Oland stepped off the stage of Charlie Chan at Something or Other for a drink of water, failed to return. Studio tried vainly to contact him, but he had disappeared completely, has never gone back to Channing or set foot in a studio since. Probable Reasons: Acute boredom with the bromidic Chan, plus plenty money for retirement and high time please to do so. Studio shelved pic, immediately boomed Chan's chief Oriental rival, the sleuth-footed, psychiatrick Mr. Moto, Nippon Hawkshaw. Moto has never equaled appeal of Chan, possibly because he lacks Chan's plump sentimentality, is less given to bromidic utterances such as: Perfect alibi like perfect doughnut, has hole in it! . . . Moto, like Chan, is designed for twin featch bills. Cost about $250,000.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago.

★★★—Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

1—Samuel Jones Tilden (1814-86).
2—Havana, Cuba.
3—Munro Leaf.
4—Asparagus has the higher percentage of water.
5—Fibber McGee.
6—Jupiter and Juno.
7—Thymus gland of a calf.
8—It is New Orleans.
9—Tobacco Road.
10—Chiefly of copper and tin.
11—Louis Pasteur (1822-95).
12—The manager of the home club.
13—The fifty-two weeks in a year.
14—The four seasons of the year.
15—Washington Irving (1783-1859).
16—". . . give me liberty, or give me death!"—from the famous speech by Patrick Henry.
17—Jenny Lind.
18—Close your eyes momentarily.
19—So as not to be molested by an enemy.
20—

Sylvia Sidney

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

A ROUND-FACED girl, medium-dark brunette, who can sing and act standing still. Oh, yes—and she mustn't have any eyelashes."

That's what it takes, said Diana Ward, to be a television star of today. In time, as the radio screen develops technically, a wider choice will be possible. But at present all blondes are out because they blur; all eyelashes for the same reason; all quick movements; all black hair, black clothes, or pure-white clothes; and all thin-faced girls, because the teleshadows make them look telecadaverous. . . . Diana Ward is our first outstanding television hit. She happens to be exactly the right type. Has just returned from London, where the very progressive British television people made her their pet discovery. They telefeatured her in Ethel Merman and Ginger Rogers parts. . . . "You can't wear a hat in television work," Diana told me, "and your dresses must always be gray or soft blue. You make up with brownish powder over greenish-brown grease paint. Your lips have to be dark, dull red. The lights are the brightest, hottest lights in the world. And you can't move an inch out of place in front of the camera. That's the hardest rule to keep—particularly when you're taking a high note in a song."

Diana was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Went to New York; sang in night clubs, then on the stage. Her maiden name was Brigita Falvo. Italian origin. Her married name is Mrs. Gerard Francis Anthony Patrick Manby-Colgrave. When not working, she lives now at her husband's old English estate in Gloucestershire, which has belonged to his family for six hundred years. . . . Most of her seven brothers and four sisters are musicians in show business. . . . "I wish my agent hadn't talked me into changing my name to Ward," she says. "I'd rather be what I really am—one of the Falvos of Pittsburgh."

☆ We all know that young married women are the world's greatest matchmakers. We know they start trying, almost from the moment they leave the nuptial altar, to marry off every good-looking single girl in their set. But do we know why? . . . A remarkably outspoken bride got down to brass tacks the other day and told me why. She said: . . . "It's divorce insurance. Nothing more or less. Every unmarried girl in our crowd, if she's pretty and lively and full of modern ideas, is a potential menace to every young wife. Our very best husbands can fall for such girls—and don't you think they can't! . . . For our own self-protection it is therefore our job to get all the attractive girls married off as quickly as we can."

☆ A special feeling of good will comes to me through the letters I receive from women who live in remote places, and who are eager to share with other women the household inventions that they have made. . . . Writing from Aberdeen, in the State of Washington, Mrs. Mary French says: . . . "I am a small-town dressmaker away out on the westernmost point of the United States. I cover my ironing board with a fast-color plaid. The squares of the plaid help me to iron things straight." Says she has covered her cutting table with checkered material, too. The idea is new to me and seems very ingenious. Thank you, Mrs. French.

☆ Donu Edmond, beauty specialist, gives advice which he admits is bad for his business. "Sleep," he says, "with a small hard roll of felt under your neck instead of a pillow.

"Rub your skin with half a lemon, then lukewarm water, and a soft towel.

"But *breathing* is the greatest of all beauty treatments. If women would only learn to breathe deeply and rhythmically, they'd seldom need any beautifying done by artificial means. . . .

"I spent three years in India," he added, "studying yoga."

"I won't hear of your mother going home tomorrow. Why, this is her first vacation in years!"

☆ This asparagus salad was a summer specialty at a famous Vienna restaurant—one that is gone now but not forgotten! . . . Use only the tender green top parts (about five inches) of your asparagus stalks. Cut in equal lengths. Cook gently in water with 1 tablespoon butter. Do not overcook.

Drain well. Dip in fried bread crumbs and drawn butter.

Chill thoroughly. Arrange in small bundles on a platter—six or eight stalks to a bundle. On each bundle of asparagus pour a little cream. Sprinkle with paprika, and decorate with quarters of lemon.

Serve with wafer-thin slices of Prague ham.

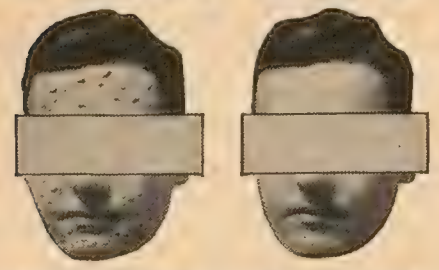
☆ Fun trying to identify well known film stars from the questions in William G. Miller's new quiz pamphlet, Movie Brain Teasers. (Published by Treasure Chest Publications, Inc.)

☆ News concerning ladies and table manners. . . . A popular chain of New York restaurants now refuse to serve double-decker sandwiches, claiming it isn't pretty to see a woman open her mouth wide enough to bite a double-decker. . . . In London, at fashionable Ciro's, a friend of mine recently watched Marina, glamorous Duchess of Kent, *dunking* her bread in her coffee.

I say, good for her!

30 Years Success! Doctor's Amazing Liquid For Surface

PIMPLES



PRAISED FROM COAST TO COAST

MEN—WOMEN, don't be humiliated by a face blotched with unsightly surface pimples because here's REAL help: Powerfully soothing, antiseptic *liquid* Zemo (a doctor's formula) quickly relieves itching soreness—then its 18 highly effective medicinal ingredients start in to help nature promote QUICK healing.

Stainless, invisible—leave clean, liquid Zemo on day or night—doesn't show on skin all while it does its good work. Only 35¢. Real severe cases may need $1.25 Extra Strength Zemo. All drug stores.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

WOMEN SWIMMERS

On August 13, 1938 at Playland, Rye, Westchester County, New York will take place the Bernarr Macfadden Trophy Race open to any registered woman swimmer in the world. This event will run jointly with the New York A.A.U. Individual and Team, the Senior Metropolitan A.A.U., Individual, and the Associated Swimming Clubs of New York, Individual and Team Long Distance Swimming Championship for Women to be held under the auspices of The Associated Swimming Clubs of New York in commemoration of the seventieth birthday of Bernarr Macfadden, sponsor of these races in the interest of developing American Youth aquatics. Under the direction of Ethelda Bleibtrey. Distance approximately 2½ miles over a triangular course on Playland Lake. Event begins at 1:30 P.M. Attend even if you do not enter. Books are now open for registrations. For full particulars, entry blanks, etc. address Frank Plunkett, President Associated Swimming Clubs of New York, care of Ethelda Bleibtrey, Shelton Hotel, Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, New York. Entries close at midnight, August 1st, 1938.

READING TIME
2 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"NO HOPE FOR THESE MEN" —and I Prayed

BY FRED G. CARPENTER

THE Meuse-Argonne offensive was on. Hate and hell reigned. To the east could be heard the rat-a-tat-tat of the machine guns; overhead came the swish of 75s and the whistle of 77s. Through the heavy downpour of rain one could see the flares brightening the darkened skies. Americans were moving eastward, overwhelming stubborn resistance. Resistance meant casualties, and that meant our field hospital would be busy.

That night I was in charge of the seriously wounded. Even working at top speed our staff could not keep pace with the emergency, so preference had to be given to the immediate surgical cases.

It was about 1 A. M. when the commanding officer came to the tent in which I was working. Stretcher-bearers followed carrying two wounded soldiers. "There is no hope for these men, sergeant. Watch them and ease their pain if they come to."

The two wounded men were swathed in bandages; the first-aid stations had stopped the flow of blood. But the men were literally torn to pieces by shrapnel. They were heavily drugged. But there was life. Was there hope?

"No hope." It ran through my head. Why should there be no hope? That was man's edict. It was within the power of God to save these men, even though they could not then be given the surgical treatment they needed. Though their flesh was torn in shreds, I saw in them the spiritual creation of God. There was only one way to save them—prayer.

"Father, Thou art the maker. Within You is the power to save. Come to them in their great hour of need."

My mother had taught me several of the Psalms. I repeated the Twenty-third several times. Lord, lead them beside the still waters, restore their soul. They were in the valley of death.

I cannot explain the feeling that came over me as one of the men stirred. Quickly I was by his side.

"How's Jim?" he said faintly.

"Resting fine," I said.

"Cigarette." I lit one, and he took a few puffs and then fell asleep.

Later the other man moved. "Did they get Bob?" he asked when I went to his stretcher.

"He is here. Want a cigarette?"

He took a few drags and relaxed peacefully.

My prayer had been answered. They were both alive!

It was dawn when the commanding officer came in again. "We are sending the wounded to the base hospital. Not much chance for the shrapnel cases to see daylight, is there?"

I had an answer for that, but army regulations prevented me from speaking my piece. Instead I reported, "The men each smoked a cigarette and are resting fine."

"Well, that's a miracle. Send them along."

It was a miracle. God had answered my prayer. They reached the base hospital safely.

THE END

Because of the unexpectedly heavy response to our requests for examples of answered prayers, Liberty is forced to ask its readers to refrain from submitting any further experiences. We already have enough on hand to keep us supplied for more than a year.

NEXT TO LAST CHANCE TO FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

LIBERTY'S $2,000 CASH PRIZE STARGAZING CONTEST

ENDS NEXT WEEK! GET BUSY NOW!

IF you have neglected to begin your entry in this cash-prize game, get busy right now. Before you realize, it will be too late to get into the game and some one else may be receiving the cash prize you might have won! You can start on this page and then go back over the lost ground. Read the rules carefully so you will make no mistakes of procedure at this late date. Then find the names this week's stars reveal. When you have done this, if you need all or any of the first sixteen puzzles, simply send a request to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Once the reprints arrive you can bring your entry even with the field.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

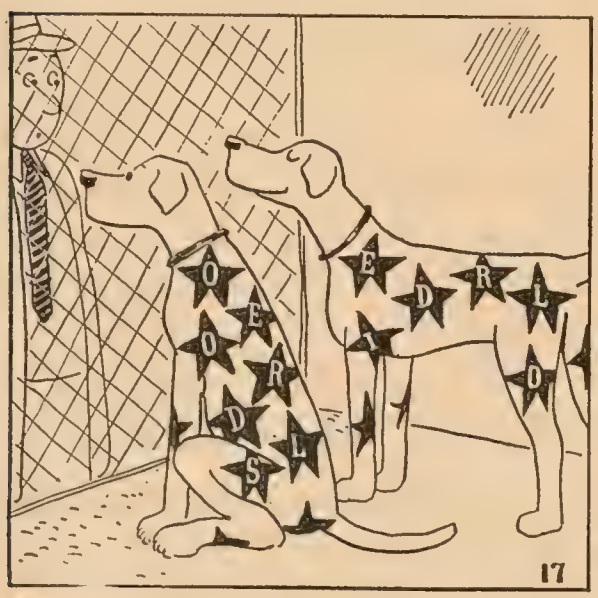
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, or Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME_____

NAME_____

CLEARED IN SECONDS

TIRED, bleary, red-veined eyes are a give-away "the morning after," make you look dissipated, endanger your job. But just a few drops of Eye-Gene clears "morning-after" eyes in seconds . . . makes eyes look alert and rested. Eye-Gene is a new-type eye lotion, perfected by eye specialists. Keep Eye-Gene in your desk and bathroom . . . large bottle at drug stores, pocket size at 10c stores. Get Eye-Gene today.

EYE-GENE Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Advertisers:

Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America. Advertising in Liberty thus parallels sales opportunity.

CORNS GONE

No other method does as much for you as Dr. Scholl's! Instantly relieves pain; stops shoe pressure; safely removes corns, callouses; prevents corns, sore toes, blisters. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns. Costs but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

KEEP YOUR DOG FREE OF ALL FLEAS WITH MY SKIP-FLEA SOAP OR POWDER.

There are 23 tested "Sergeant's" Dog Medicines. Trusted since 1879. Constantly improved. Made of finest drugs. Sold under money-back Guarantee by drug and pet shops. Ask them for a FREE copy of "Sergeant's" Dog Book, or write: POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP. 247A W. Broad Street • Richmond, Va.

Copr. 1938, Polk Miller Products Corp.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

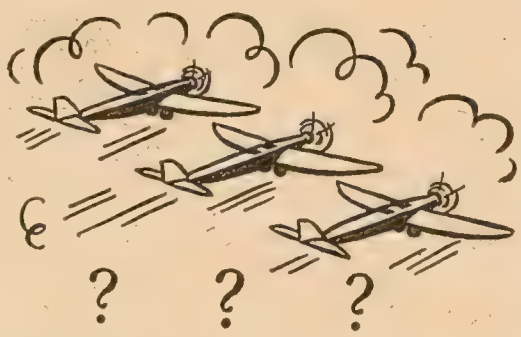
Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Naval Aircraft Official Combats Lieut. Lincke, U. S. N. R.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As manager of the Naval Aircraft Factory, I wish to call your attention to an article published in the April 30 issue of Liberty, written by Lieutenant Jack Lincke, U. S. N. R., entitled Are We Selling Our Supremacy in the Air?

This article, I wish to say, contains many inaccuracies and false implications, casts aspersions upon the quality and integrity of the N3N training plane, and thus by inference upon the organization which designed and built it.



A large part of the article consists of a tirade against the administration and against War and Navy Departments' policy. With these opinions I am not in a position to take any issue. I might state, however, that certain facts which, because of his connection with the Naval Service, must have been known to Mr. Lincke, are not mentioned; for example, the fact that American manufacturers are not permitted to sell airplanes, engines, and accessories used by the Air Services of this country until a year after the first production article has been delivered, at which time it is presumed we will have later and improved designs. Whether or not this one-year period affords sufficient protection to American interests may be a debatable question; but a sense of fairness, journalistic integrity, and ordinary good sportsmanship should dictate that the above fact be made known.

The statement regarding the use of obsolescent type airplanes for training purposes is also misleading. The use of these airplanes—which are, incidentally, perfectly sound and airworthy—offers an intermediate step in training between the simple training airplanes and the faster, more complex, harder-to-fly airplanes then in service, and, instead of having been a potential source of accidents, these obsolescent airplanes have, in all probability, prevented numerous accidents. In addition to this, such use affords an economical outlet for the disposal of those airplanes still in use after they have been replaced in active service by airplanes of more modern design, thereby conserving the taxpayers' money.

However, the misleading statements and inaccuracies with which I am mostly concerned are those reflecting on the quality and performance of the N3N training airplane, designed and manufactured at the Naval Aircraft Factory. The statement that these Navy-built training airplanes had dangerous spinning tendencies is an absolute misstatement of fact. This airplane has not, and never did have, such tendencies, or any other dangerous tendencies.

The statement that "a student flying solo had to bail out because he was unable to get an N3N out of a spin" is true; but while this fact has been distorted to bolster up the statement regarding spin characteristics, it is a matter of record, as determined by an impartial and competent board of investigation on the ground and at the time the incident happened, that the fault was not with the plane but with the student. Investigation disclosed the fact that after the student bailed out at between 1,500 and 2,000 feet, thereby releasing all controls, the airplane, because of its inherent stability, came out of the spin and assumed a normal gliding position, and full responsibility for the incident was placed on the student, not on the airplane. Any well informed person should realize that the fact that a student pilot bailed out of an airplane on a solo flight need not indicate any fault in design or construction of the aircraft, of whatever make.

The next paragraph states, "the planes disclosed a decided tendency to shed their tails." This is another distortion of fact. Not one of these N3Ns to date has lost a tail; neither have there been any reports received of such tendency. The implication in this paragraph appears to be that the N3Ns had a serious fault in the design of tail units, and that while minor repairs were made the airplanes were permanently restricted in flight maneuvers. This is very far from the truth of the matter. Practically every airplane constructed for military service is tested, both on the ground and in the air, before being considered acceptable for use. This testing, while very thorough, is of necessity of limited duration, and after the airplanes are in actual service, defects, usually of a minor nature, develop, after which the airplanes are either grounded or restricted until the unsatisfactory conditions have been eliminated. This is true of all military airplanes, and the N3N was no exception. The minor defects in this airplane were remedied in a short time and these airplanes have now been unrestricted for over a year. Attention is also invited to the fact that the Stearman airplane, to which the N3N was compared by Mr. Lincke, was grounded and restricted for a far greater period of time than was the N3N, and for more serious defects. This statement is made without intent to reflect in any way on the present value or usefulness of the Stearman trainer, which is now a very satisfactory airplane and is now unrestricted.

The statement, "Most of the flight instructors regard the N3N as an extremely poor and undesirable plane," I regard simply as a gross exaggeration. I have personally flown many hours in the N3N and regard it as very satisfactory. I have also received favorable comments from other pilots of other naval stations on its performance. Moreover, the Naval Aircraft Factory received formal notice, under date of April 7, 1937, that the Secretary of the Navy considered the Model N3N-1 airplane suitable for service use as a primary training type airplane, following satisfactory completion of inspection trials. The fact that three successive orders, totaling 180 airplanes, were received from the Navy Department for production of this type of plane is further evidence that it is entirely satisfactory.

In the interests of fair play and good journalism, I trust that you will publish this statement at the earliest possible moment and give it the same prominence you have given the original article.—*W. W. Webster, Commander, U. S. N., Manager.*

PIT-A-PAT HEARTS

CHICAGO, ILL.—After reading the entertaining How Much Do You Know About the Man You Love? (June 11 Liberty) I have decided that the chief thing I know about the man I love is that I love him. And oh, I do!—*Sybil Chase.*

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Why not run a companion guide to How Much Do You Know About the Man You Love? making the wife the subject?

I could write a dandy on that side, for I have known mine since we were kids in school together, when my heart went pit-a-pat every time I looked at her little blonde pigtail.—*John Mines.*

"HER GENTLEMEN SECURELY"

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—I have just received June 4 Liberty, and note on page 6 the title of the story is written incorrectly in shorthand. Transcribed it would read, "Her Gentlemen Securely" (not "Her Gentleman Secretary"), by Dorothy Speare.—*Hannah Matthews.*

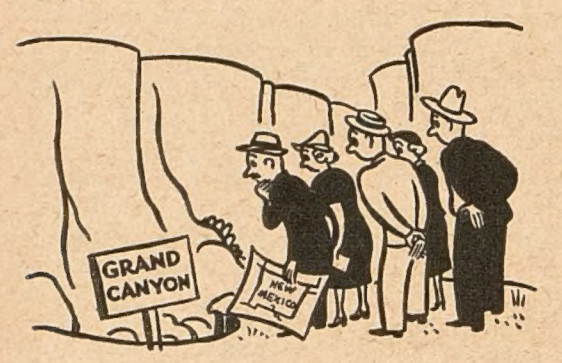
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—If that's as good as her male secretary can do, the heroine of Dorothy Speare's story had better get herself a steno of her own sex. I am alluding to the shorthand outline of the yarn's title.—*Ruth E. Ferguson.*

MAJOR LANPHIER! THE GRAND CANYON IS IN ARIZONA!

TAYLOR, ARIZ.—Of all the nerve of some people, inferring that the Grand Canyon is in New Mexico, as Major Thomas G. Lanphier did in his story about Lindbergh in June 18 Liberty.

The Grand Canyon is in Arizona, approximately two hundred miles to the west of where he said it was, which I should judge is more the fifteen minutes' flying time in those days.

Major Lanphier had better go back and look up his geography.—*Waldo Larson.*



MOTHER WHO LOST LITTLE BOY WRITES US AGAIN

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—At first I hesitated about your publishing my letter (March 19 Vox Pop), as it seemed too precious; but now I am glad, because it has brought consolation and courage to many people. Even sharing one's sorrow had been so unexpected in this world of today that we greatly appreciate the kindness of so many of your readers who have written to me.

Perhaps you recall the old story of the rich man who, amidst his luxurious surroundings, had been approached by a destitute man whose outpourings of woe so tortured him that he turned to his servant and sobbed, "Show him out. He is breaking my heart." Who would have thought that so many who hold the treasures of childhood today would share this irony of life with us? But they have, and from far and near we have received most tender sympathy and courage in poems and letters that have given us renewed strength and faith in prayer.—*Louise Youngs.*

MR. MACFADDEN'S MENTAL DIET

SHELL LAKE, WIS.—I wish to suggest that Mr. Macfadden's editorials should be the mental diet of and fully digested by every voter and taxpayer in the United States.

Let's boost Mr. Macfadden to be our standard-bearer in 1940 to lead us out of this cockeyed New Deal jungle.

Every new moon the New Dealers spring a different idea or law that violates every rule of economic and common sense.—*Art Austin.*

NEVER HEARD OF INGEBORD

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—I have just read the short story, Present for Tommy, by Baird Hall (May 21 Liberty), and enjoyed it immensely.

But I have one complaint to make on it. The first word (which was a name) of the story struck me as incorrect, for I have known of the really Swedish name of Ingeborg, but have never heard of Ingebord.

Is the author sure of his name?

However, the Swedish words were correct.—*Paul H. Sandberg.*

"THANKS FOR THIS NEW PRAYER PAGE"

EDGEWATER, COLO.—Words cannot express the thanks that I wish to give to Liberty for this new Prayer Page. It is certainly a fine thought and the good it will do will perhaps never be realized.

My thanks again for a swell magazine with a heart and soul!—*Mrs. Gordon J. Haley.*

TRUTH ABOUT MUSSOLINI

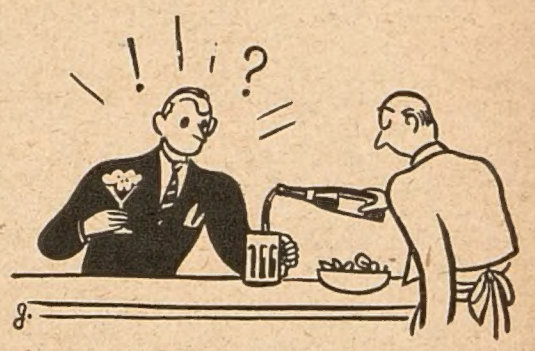
NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I express you my admiration and my compliments for Fulton Oursler's masterful article in the May 7 Liberty on Premier Benito Mussolini?

For once, I have had the supreme pleasure to read an article on matters pertaining to Italy which is not biased nor derisive or sarcastic. Mr. Oursler has been true to his journalistic mission and has told his readers the honest truth as he heard it.

This is so seldom done by the American press that the exception needs to be highly commended.—*C. Bertolaia.*

WINE IS BEER

OMAHA, NEB.—Mr. S. O. Halls, whose letter appears in June 18 Vox Pop, will be surprised to learn that wine is beer.—*C. B. C.*



WHAT MADAME MARCIA SAW IN THE STARS

CLIFTON, N. C.—Scandalizing President Harding began when some dirty political dog started the smudge that Harding was a Negro. Then the Nan Britton's baby case. Then the talk and belief by many that his death was a deliberate case of poisoning.

Now comes Madame Marcia (June 11 Liberty) to tell us that Harding was so unwise as to marry a woman who believed in the worst of fakes, astrology. And, last and most reprehensive, Madame Marcia looks at the stars and sees that Harding had been sterilized by an accident—as if being sterile would be a worse scandal than being the father of Nan Britton's baby!

I am all through with Liberty, though regretting losing Macfadden's editorials; for you have sought to ruin the reputation of a dead President. It is outrageous, disgraceful, scandalous, libelous!—*C. S. Eastridge.*

"HARDTACK"

"This isn't a very soft lap—I wonder how his secretary stood it."

MY EYES TOLD ME LIES

FOREST HILLS, N. Y.—
While strolling through the park one day (comma)
I noticed a pretty girl sitting on a bench.
Then six kids rushed up and called her "momma."
My eyes told me lies—oh! the naughty little wench!

—*Roy Van Brunt.*

They Wanted to Make a Circus of Dizzy Dean's Marriage

A CEREMONY at the home plate. . . . Bleachers and grandstand crowded with "wise-cracking" fans. . . . Floodlights on the diamond under the summer stars. . . . "One hell of a way to get married," said Dizzy Dean. "I won't do it!" . . . That was the first time he had refused to co-operate with the managers of his career. . . . For two seasons they had been making him "pop off." . . . In baseball argot that means, so we are informed, saying the supremely wrong thing at the supremely right minute. . . . Dizzy says he is not naturally a "pop-off." . . . He hated the whole silly business. . . . He tells a disillusioned history in his public lament in this magazine next week: I Was No Pop-Off; They Made Me One. . . . The probabilities are this will be one of the most discussed baseball articles of the last ten years. . . . It will startle you by its honesty. . . . And that makes us think of another disarming, casual bombshell we shall print next week: How Honest Is the Oxford Group? by Emily Newell Blair. . . . Another one, equally frank and really funny, is Frederick Collins' disclosure about Jack Benny, the man who makes a fortune by taking jokes on himself. . . . Fred Allen might say: "Why on himself? He makes a fortune taking jokes—mostly mine." . . . You will learn the behind-the-mike true inwardness of the Benny-Allen feud in this amusing piece. . . . Two short stories we feel sure you will like are Fannie Kilbourne's Just One of the Family, and Puffy and the Spotted Dog Situation, by Carl M. Chapin. . . . Other timely and informative articles include A New Way with Old Crimes, by J. Edgar Hoover and Herbert Corey; How Doctors Can Reform Themselves, by the author of Doctors Don't Tell; and a story about the long-distance hike led by Mr. Macfadden from Cleveland, Ohio, to Dansville, New York. . . . There will be more installments of our exciting serials, and all our regular features, too. . . . ANSWERING A QUERY in a recent issue of this "last-word page," Mary Herman of Baltimore writes: "I know another superstition —one about Tyrone Power. He is superstitious about parking his car in the same place every morning. And he has a handmade opal ring for a good-luck charm." . . . Lee D. Brown, a reportorial side-kick of ours in Baltimore twenty-seven years ago, has written an exciting new novel called Destiny Is a Woman. . . . We apologize to all those who were disappointed about the omission of the prayer experience from a recent issue. . . . The words "and a prayer experience" appeared at the end of a list of promised features for the following week. . . . Because of mechanical complications in make-up we had to drop the feature from that issue. . . . The protests were many and forceful. . . . This letter, from Hazard, Kentucky, for example:

"You have put me on a tough spot and all because I took your word for the contents of Liberty magazine. In the June 4th issue of Liberty magazine I read the last page on which you always tell what Liberty readers may expect in the next issue. In that issue you stated among other articles and stories that in the next week's Liberty there would be 'a prayer experience.' On the strength of that statement I announced to a congregation of over three hundred young people that we could expect that article in the Liberty magazine June 11th issue. The majority of those young people bought that issue of Liberty for that one article—and it wasn't there.

"I was disappointed, too, but I thought it would be included in the next issue. I have the June 18th issue before me now and there is no 'prayer experience' in it. Please, Mr. Oursler, will you do something about this?

"A SINCERE CHAMPION
OF LIBERTY MAGAZINE."

Our forecasts are generally accurate, but at times we do have to make last-minute changes. . . . So please try to bear with us. . . . And many more prayer experiences are coming. . . . WE WERE DELIGHTED to find out how many of our readers save back issues of Liberty. . . . And we are certainly grateful to all the hundreds of you who offered to supply the copies needed to complete a White House collection. . . . One reader wanted four thousand dollars for eight back numbers. . . . Five hundred dollars per issue. . . . We felt flattered but couldn't afford it. . . . The collection is now complete—and thanks to you all. . . . The editor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine writes to say he is reprinting Why Can't We All Do It This Way? in his May issue. . . . ONCE AGAIN this spring and summer there is an outdoor reading "room" in New York's Bryant Park. . . . This scheme of the New York Public Library is a great public service. . . . Writes Harriet S. Wright, Superintendent of Extension Work: "We have reason to feel very grateful to you for your generosity in sending Liberty to the Bryant Park Library again this year. It will be eagerly sought for when the Outdoor Reading Room opens on May 16th. I hope it may be convenient for you to visit the Park Library." . . . From "Tar Heel" in Durham, North Carolina, comes: "I am amazed that you should conclude your edition of June 25 with 'Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.' Northerners, especially New Yorkers, say *youse;* provincial Southerners, *you all.*"

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

a Drink CUE for Picnic Time!

by ED SULLIVAN, Famous Columnist

"Try this Gin Sour to give thirst-aid to wilted guests at barbecues or picnics! Refreshing and flavorful, it's a national favorite. And Hiram Walker's super-smooth gins win 1st prize as the preferred ingredient in this delicious 'cooler'. Figures show that America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind!"

HOW TO MAKE

Gin Sours

FOR TWO

2 teaspoons Powdered Sugar
Juice of 1 Lime
Juice of 1 Lemon
*3 ozs. Hiram Walker's Gin**

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and fill up with carbonated water. Decorate with fruit.

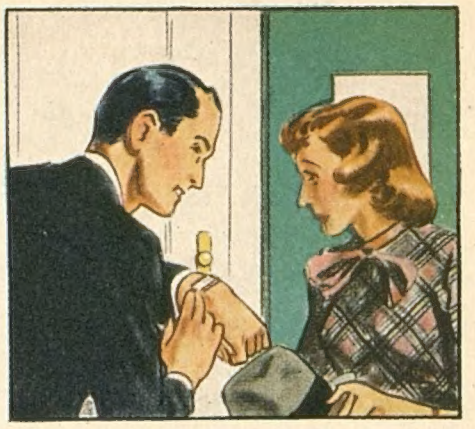
*For perfect results from any gin recipe, insist upon Hiram Walker Gins. They're made by Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniformly smooth, perfect flavor.

AMERICA BUYS MORE HIRAM WALKER GINS THAN ANY OTHER KIND

I was averaging $45.00 a Week as a Saleswoman...

1 At 26 I had worked myself up to be the best saleswoman in an exclusive women's shop. Two of the wealthiest women in town were my steady customers, and because of their patronage I was averaging $45 a week. Only Sylvia, whom I disliked, approached my record.

2 A grand job, a good salary, a cute apartment, and a nice man interested in me—no wonder I was happy. Ned and I were made for each other. Little did I dream how soon his attitude would change.



3 Ned got in the habit of phoning to break dates. And if he did call he acted indifferent and left very early. He wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I was miserable. But worse still . . .

I suspected dirty work...

4 I arrived a few seconds late one morning to find my two best customers practically buying out the store—and buying from Sylvia! Why hadn't they waited for me? They greeted me pleasantly, but greetings don't pay my expenses. I immediately suspected Sylvia of trickery, I lost my head and my temper and . . .

5 . . . in the dressing room I hotly accused her. In an instant we were in a disgraceful hair-pulling match. But Sylvia got in the last bitter word: "Any girl with a breath like yours *ought* to lose her customers!"

winning back my Business and my Boy Friend...

6 So that was my trouble, bad breath—the very thing I had criticized in other saleswomen. That night I started using Listerine — it's the best breath deodorant there is.

7 Next day I called up Mrs. W—— and Mrs. J——; apologized, and begged them to come back—to give me another chance. And, bless their hearts, they came! "We wanted to suggest Listerine Antiseptic for your trouble," they said, "but it seemed so personal. You've had your lesson."

8 My next problem was Ned. No wonder he had been indifferent. I "came clean" to him also, and now we're billing and cooing again—thanks to *Listerine Antiseptic*. We'll announce our engagement soon.

AN EMPLOYMENT MANAGER SAYS:
NO CUSTOMER WANTS TO DEAL WITH A SALESPERSON WHOSE BREATH IS BAD. KNOWING LISTERINE TO BE THE OUTSTANDING BREATH DEODORANT, WE SUGGEST ITS USE TO ALL EMPLOYEES. NO GIRL---NO MAN--- IN CONTACT WITH THE PUBLIC SHOULD RUN THE RISK OF BAD BREATH
EMPLOYMENT MANAGER

USE LISTERINE for HALITOSIS

(*BAD BREATH*)